JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1950

3D EVERY THURSDAY

FOUR MILLION MISSING HOMES By The EDITOR

WRITE TO 'JOHN BULL' ABOUT IT

WHAT GERMANY FACES NOW By A.G.G.

Save FUEL FOR BATTLE!

Fit fire bricks . . .

Now is the time to begin your winter fuel-saving by fitting fire bricks at the back and sides of the grate. You will burn less fuel and still get all the heat you need. Ordinary bricks will do, but are not so effective as the proper fire bricks. In nearly every type of combination grate or kitchen range, fire bricks can be fitted on the side of the grate opposite the oven flue.

Fuel Watcher

Do not light a fire just for the sake of having a fire but only if there is no other way of keeping warm.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

You've earned your Guinness— it'll do you good

G.E.1161.A

MARMITE

adds flavour and nourishment to War Time dishes

Marmite, the Yeast food-extract, provides the essential Vitamins of the B group—thus adding nourishment as well as delicious flavour to all Soups, Stews and Gravies. Marmite makes a savoury filling for Sandwiches.

MOTHER, DO THIS for FRETFUL BABY

You have seen the difference between babies whose sleep is deep and unbroken and babies who are restless, cross, cry at night. In the former a steady, healthy growth: in the latter, weight at a standstill — perhaps even a few precious ounces lost. Guard against this, Mother! At the first sign of fretfulness or broken sleep, you can suspect stomach upset. Food is soured. The small bowels are constipated. Cannot get rid of anything. No wonder baby cannot sleep.

The very minute these signs appear, give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Nothing else so gently and surely sweetens the little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, rids the small system of tormenting wind and soured matter. Then, when the digestion is regular and movements healthy, baby falls nightly into healthy, untroubled sleep. You will be delighted with the tale the scales tell—new ounces gained each week. 'Milk of Magnesia' is recommended by Doctors and Nurses everywhere as the gentle and safe laxative antacid for babies. You can get it everywhere, but be sure, Mother, to say 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

FOOD FACTS

HOUSEHOLD MILK
DRIED EGGS
ONIONS

HOUSEHOLD MILK returns to the Kitchen

and you will be able to buy it as before from the shop where you are registered for sugar. The first share-out is from October 17th to November 13th — one tin per ration book — and future share-outs will be at eight-week intervals. Each tin makes four pints of milk, and the price is 9d. a tin.

How to mix Household Milk

1. Pour 1 pint of lukewarm water into a wide-necked jug.
2. Take 5 level tablespoonfuls of the milk powder and sprinkle a little on top of the water, beat briskly with a fork until dissolved.
3. Continue stirring, adding remainder of powder slowly.

How to use Household Milk

Every tin of Household Milk contains the equivalent of four pints of skimmed milk — milk with all the goodness except the fat. Household Milk is specially good for cooking. You can make white sauces, milk puddings, batters, etc. You can use it for mixing in cakes and scones, or in coffee, tea and cocoa. This will enable you to keep your fresh milk for the children.

DRIED EGGS

A new share-out of dried eggs began on October 17th. There will be one package (12 eggs for 1s. 3d.) for every holder of a general ration book, two for holders of the green ration book (R.B.2). Go to the shop where you are registered for shell eggs. Poultry-keepers can buy from any shop. Everyone must produce their ration book.

Don't be disappointed if the Dried Egg Leaflet you sent for doesn't come for the next day or two. The large demand has caused unavoidable delay.

ONIONS for WINTER

In many areas there are plenty of onions, so if you don't want to use your ration now, store them for winter use. Choose firm, dry onions and lay them out on shelves or trays in a cool, dry place or hang them in open mesh bags so that the air can play around them.

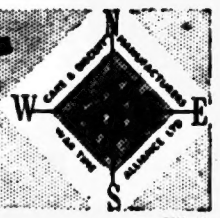
The Radio Doctor says: "To soup you can add lentils or peas or potatoes, turnips, carrots, cauliflower, celery or leeks. You can add cheese. You can add milk. Boiling may kill a few of the vitamins in the vegetables but it won't kill the vegetable salts. You notice that I mention lentils first. They make a grand soup and there's good grub in every mouthful."

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT FROM TUESDAY TO FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 178

The women of Britain are putting the last ounce of their energies into the war effort. But if energy flags, output suffers; and flag it does unless it is regularly restored. Biscuits are a wonderful restorative of energy. That is because they contain wheat, sugar and fat. A few biscuits, just when you feel you need them, will keep fatigue at bay until a proper meal is obtainable.

BISCUITS in the Battle



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Weetabix isn't just another breakfast cereal—it's an "anytime-of-the-day" food, delicious on its own or with butter, milk, jam, cheese or soft fruits in season. Whether or not you can get Weetabix depends on where you live, for all cereals are now "zoned." If you can get it you are doubly lucky, for Weetabix gives most Food-Value-per-Point! Keep it first on your list.

Weetabix

MADE like a Breakfast Food

SMALL SIZE 6 POINTS 7½d
LARGE SIZE 9 POINTS 1/-

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants.

ZW21A

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 30, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

" Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

WEEK'S SHAME

●There is no doubt about which is the most shameful story of the week. None at all.

It was the revelation, at a Chelsea court-martial, of official heartlessness.

An A.T.S. girl pleaded guilty to being absent without leave for six hours.

Her husband had been discharged from the Army with partial paralysis; he is still attending hospital.

His wife helped him to dress each morning and got his breakfast before making the 45-minute journey to her A.T.S. duty. While she was away he was able only to get himself a cup of tea.

At six each evening, her duty finished, she journeyed home to get him a meal and do her housework. Shopping and washing had to be squeezed into her "spare time."

Her application for release had been refused because her husband's mother was living with him but the mother has actually been a complete invalid for years!

So, having taken a few hours to do her husband's washing, she has been court-martialled.

And her release is probably farther off than ever.

Is there no compassion in the A.T.S.?

Straight from the Shoulder

BY EVERY MEANS

NOT for the first time has General Smuts reinforced the arguments of JOHN BULL.

His latest speech has called for action by which "a final decision could be forced as soon as possible next year." He added that "it now remains for us to hasten the end by every means in our power."

Well, "Hasten the End" was the title and tenor of JOHN BULL'S comments on this page last week.

Must We Delay?

By every means in our power, says this wise old warrior. Should we therefore wait for next year before delivering the great weight of the Anglo-American blow against the enemy in the West?

No doubt this question is being asked and answered at the Moscow Conference. Let us hope the answer will make good sense.

Ready to Go

It is hinted that further large forces from the U.S. will be required for the purpose we have in mind.

Yet already there are enormous numbers of American troops here—and they must be growing bored with London's street corners. We have a great British Army here, fully trained and perfectly equipped—and it must be getting tired of manœuvres.

Strategically and politically, everything favours action this year.

Hitler Left Out

The Russians are breaking through. The Allied armies in Italy are moving northwards towards the German frontier.

It is more than probable that Germany will soon be forced to drain her "strategic reserve" of troops in order to bolster up the Russians and Italian fronts. What a chance for intervention in the West!

These, presumably, were the issues discussed by German commanders at the meeting hurriedly called by Von Keitel. Oddly, perhaps significantly, Hitler was not present at their deliberations—he addressed them *after* the conference.

Air Strength

Are we strong enough in the air for decisive action?

If we could reveal just how strong we are in a single theatre of operations you would feel that Goering should kill himself in despair.

As for the enemy's air power, we know just how that is waning—and where it is sited.

Fighter Figures

In Russia and Italy, the enemy armies plead in vain for air cover. Only one-fifth of the Nazi fighter strength, for example, is now available for all the 1,500 miles of the Eastern Front.

Most of the remainder—General Arnold puts the figure at 1,800 'planes—is concentrated between Denmark and Belgium for the defence of Germany itself.

Going Down

A large number, certainly. But by no means large enough to neutralise the R.A.F. and U.S.A.A.F. forces!

Its losses are already high. As for its replacements, General Arnold has stated that German fighter production fell from 1,020 in August to 820 in September.

Grim Fight

Now look southwards. The struggle for Italy promises to be as bitter as the battle for Egypt.

The Germans are fighting well; indeed, they have never fought better. For strategic reasons and for the effect on the Fatherland, they may throw in another twenty divisions.

But in this fifth year of war our armies are strong enough to engage in more battlefields than one.

Where are the French?

And what of the French army, about which we heard so much at the time of the Tunis landing?

They were to have American equipment and were even to be in the forefront of the Western Front. True, they put up a fine show in North Africa and Corsica, and would no doubt do as well anywhere else.

But is the reorganisation of the French army now being held up?

Something Wrong

And what has gone wrong in the Eastern Mediterranean? Was it the enemy counter-attack in the Dodecanese, following our half-hearted landings, that held up our attack on the Balkan mainland?

Meanwhile, Germany is sending more troops southwards to await us. The longer we delay, the more opposition we shall meet.

Why We Should Act

More than a million soldiers in Yugoslavia and Greece would help us could we equip them. As it is, the Serbs are driving down on Albania; they should receive better assistance from us than the dropping of supplies by 'plane.

● JOHN BULL offers a Free Air Raid Insurance (underwritten at Lloyd's) to Fire Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, Home Guards—in fact, to every civilian reader.

● Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

And, unfortunately, Greek bands are now warring against one another, egged on by the Germans. They should be given the chance to fight side by side with an Allied army of invasion!

Break the Grip!

Not a single Balkan country is battling willingly for the Nazis. But Nazi agents are in all the key posts, playing on the weaknesses of the various governments, fostering disunity, exploiting the fear of Russia to the full.

Only the arrival of Allied power will loosen this grip.

Red Light

Hungary is a case in point. She has defied Hitler's demands for troops to police the Balkans. She has refused to recall her envoy to the King of Italy; her Press has refrained from criticisms of Badoglio; her anti-Nazi Opposition Party is allowed to express its views openly.

Having seen the red light, she is evidently trying to convince us that she regrets having given passage for German troops to attack Yugoslavia.

The Turks are Willing

Would the Turks help us to surge through the Balkans? The mists of rumour can be dispelled by one hard fact: However willing she might be to intervene with her million superb troops, we could not easily afford to equip them at the moment.

The Amazing Chinese

Much farther eastwards the Japanese are retreating again in the Yunnan, near the Burma frontier. After more than seven years of war, Chinese skill and gallantry are as marked as ever.

Big news should soon be forthcoming from Anglo-American forces ranged against the Japanese. Enemy claims to have crippled Mountbatten's preparations for a great offensive will then be seen in correct perspective.

Those Losses

MacArthur's men, too, are busy. Long sea communications and heavy shipping losses make it impossible for Japan to repair the ravages of the amazingly successful air attacks on Rabaul. Forty-three, eighty-four, one hundred and two—such were the enemy air losses on three days last week.

Australia's Freedom

Before long, the Japanese must withdraw from the South-West Pacific and bring to an end for all time the menace to Australia.

Arms Output

Certainly their aircraft output is higher than was once thought. But it is more than swamped by Allied production.

British output of munitions alone is 25 per cent. higher than this time a year ago—and now the emphasis is not on guns and ammunition but on equipment for amphibious landings. Our duty is not to increase production but to maintain it, as Mr. Churchill has observed.

Transport Miracle

Can our transport services meet all the demands which will be made upon them? They can.

The shipping position is good. Britain's waterways, so long rendered derelict by railway opposition, have been restored to full use. The dockers and lorrymen are achieving miracles. As for railway traffic, could the figures be published they would astonish the nation.

Agreement Reached

Lord Beaverbrook's inspiriting speech gives hope of a saner transport system *after* the war. He gives notice that an excellent start has been made towards settling the future of civil aviation.

Agreement has been reached between Britain and the Dominions; it must next be extended to other interested countries.

Progress

Here's more good news. Lord Keynes and Professor Robbins, after a month in Washington, have conferred in New York with American financial leaders. It is likely that their talks have not been confined to currency, but have covered the wider economic fields of commodity prices and world development.

At the same time, Mr. Henry Morgenthau and the author of the White Currency Plan have been on an aerial tour of the war fronts.

Real Unity

Next month should bring news of concrete plans for helping stricken Europe immediately the war ends. The Allied Nations have really got together on this problem; more than forty countries are about to sign agreement.

There is, then, every reason for General Smuts' recommendation of decisive action to speed our victory—and none against.

Our opportunity should be as plain to the Supreme Command as it is to the Common Man.

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

A NEW Battle of Hastings is on the way. On the one side the majority of the British Medical Association. On the other, the Chairman of the L.C.C. Hospitals' and Medical Services' Committee—Mr. Somerville Hastings, the surgeon.

Needs a Team

We're with him. And so is the country. He believes that an isolated doctor can never give his patients the complete service envisaged in the Beveridge Report.

Mr. Somerville Hastings is for Beveridge

"You can't depend on just one doctor to cure you," he says, "because medical science is so complicated now that it needs a team." Mr. Somerville Hastings wants health centres all over the country from which, not only doctors, but district nurses and midwives would work. Most of the B.M.A. will accept the principle of a health service, but they want to hang on to private practice and extend the panel system at the same time.

"Fight this tooth and nail," Mr. Somerville Hastings advises the public. He can be sure of JOHN BULL's support.

Ballyhoo

Schoolteachers all over the country are losing their enthusiasm for Mr. Butler's Education plans. They want to see them turned into a Bill.

Note this warning from Mr. Eddie Williams, one of the most energetic educationists in the country :—

"The White Paper," he says, "is so much eyewash and ballyhoo without more buildings, more equipment, more teachers. And the financial reactionaries are laughing up their sleeves because we're doing nothing to produce them."

In Hot Water

The Ministry of Home Security has been getting into hot water again. So it ought, considering the abundant cold douches it pours on fire-fighters in the form of incomprehensible documents, orders, instructions and recommendations.

The Commons have been told about a Town Clerk who had to spend a whole afternoon with his experts before he could find out what a 70-page fire order was all about.

Kicked the Bucket

We've just been told why a Welsh Borough lost its volunteer, unpaid, and highly efficient fire chief. He asked for three stirrup pumps and six buckets.

To get them he had to fill in 84 different forms.

He resigned.

Why—Oh, Why?

Not that the spate of official verbiage (despite Mr. Churchill's guidance) is confined to the Ministry of Home Security.

Why did the Under Secretary for Air, asked if non-officers couldn't have pyjamas, have to say he "sympathised with the suggestion, but regretted that the general shortage of materials precluded its adoption"?

Hard on the Men

If he *had* to be completely unreasonable, he could simply have said : "We don't think anybody except officers ought to sleep in pyjamas."

That's getting near Basic English. It's certainly pretty base.

Working Day

The miners returned to the news again last week with the London meeting of the Mineworkers' Federation Executive. While conditions in Scotland were being specially discussed we received a "behind the headlines" letter from a Lanarkshire miner.

He described his working day. Up at 5.45; a 15-mile journey on the back of an open lorry; work till 9.30 a.m. in a cutting only 4 ft. high; a 25-minute stop for breakfast—cold tea, bread and margarine four days a week, jam on the other days. Then work again till 2.30.

They Freeze

"The lorry trip home," says our correspondent, "can be so icy that our clothes stand up by themselves sometimes."

He doesn't complain about all this; it can't be helped in war time—what can be helped, and what he really complains about, is the compulsory Home Guard practice he has to do on three days a week.

Not Strong Enough

This extra burden of Home Guard duty is one of the real causes of the drop in coal production in many areas.

The fact is that the miners—much worse off for food than the munition worker with his canteen—just hasn't the strength to add part-time soldiering to his working day.

Asking for Work

While miners up and down the country have too much to do, there's a young man in the Tyneside area who can't get enough. Advertising for a job, he's listed qualifications which include engineering knowledge and managerial experience.

But, with our manpower stretched to the utmost, he's had to keep on advertising.

Unlikely to Help

If things can be like this in war time, what's it going to be (despite Government assurances) when all the troops come home?

Norwich cycle agents have lately passed a curious resolution which doesn't seem likely to help demobilised men. This resolution favoured *control of entry* into the cycle distributive and repairing trades.

Would It Be Right?

A speaker pointed out that many young men would return to civilian life with mechanical training and money to spend. "Would it be right," he asked "to allow them to spend their money by going into business to the detriment of those who had spent their lives in the cycle trade?"

That statement amazed at least one person in Norwich, and he wrote to the local paper to say so. It certainly amazes us.

Full Attention

Equally amazing are the ways of the Ministry of Works and Planning. A Cheshire reader, seeing the great number of automatic machines lying derelict at stations in Lancashire and North Wales, wrote to suggest they might be used for the war effort.

He got a reply that the matter was under consideration by the Director of Demolition and Recovery and was having "the fullest attention."

That was last February. The machines are still lying idle.

Substitute Railings

On the whole, the Government has done a good job in salvaging railings. London's famous squares have gained in attraction by losing their iron bars.

But why have those responsible for high-hat Kensington Square been allowed to put up a substantial wooden fence in place of their railings? Is there so much timber to spare?

Separate Ways

Living in the same road in a Midlands town are three R.A.F. officers. Each has a car; each leaves his house at about the same time to go to the airfield a mile or so away. And each drives by himself.

Here's a story for these officers . . .

Vital Cargoes

A tanker bringing home a cargo of the stuff that keeps our wings over the Reich had completed three-quarters of the voyage when she ran into the unpredictable winter weather of the Western Ocean.

In a few hours seas had swept away the flying-bridge, and her fittings were smashed to pieces. The gale blew for two nights and three days.

Enemy Scavenger

Better weather came; but so did a prowling U-boat. High explosives holed the tanker in six places. Lurking for an easy kill, the U-boat fired a torpedo that blew the helpless ship in two.

Despite the returning gale and the darkness, lifeboats got safely away with all hands but one. They managed to keep close to one another, and in the morning the captain saw that the afterend of his ship was still afloat. He boarded her and brought the remains safely to port.

Back to Sea

A short time afterwards the same captain, crew and refitted tanker sailed out into the same deadly ocean to bring back more fuel for the R.A.F.

If the three Midlands officers want to read more about the seamen's adventures they should get "Battle of the Oceans," by Warren Armstrong. It's published by Jarrolds, and costs 12s. 6d. —only the price of a gallon or two of petrol.

Too Much Food?

We can no more afford to waste food than petrol.

A report from the Chief Sanitary Inspector of a South Coast town has come to JOHN BULL. It's a miserable account of waste on a big scale—much of it the responsibility of the Ministry of Food.

Infested

The inspector found about ten tons of flour stored under the Ministry's emergency stocks scheme. Meal mite infested the place. Elsewhere he had to condemn 66 lb. of smoked cod, 70 lb. of pancake mixture, as well as ham, margarine and other things galore.

Cup that Cheers

Among the things condemned were 25 lb. of tea. That's a particularly vicious waste, with the people's ration at 2 oz. a week. As everyone knows, this hits the person living alone most hard. The old lady, just managing to exist by herself on her old-age pension, values her cup of tea. It's one of the few pleasures she has left. But it has to be a second-rate pleasure these days. On 2 oz. a week, old tealeaves have to be used time and time again. Elderly people don't get much consideration in war time. Lord Woolton would do well to spare them a little more tea.

A nice cup of tea

● The egregious case of the three Hereford magistrates has brought into the limelight not only the strange methods of some juvenile courts. It has drawn attention to one of the main causes of juvenile naughtiness.

In Hereford itself, says the chairman of the school attendance committee, "there is a deplorable lack of care of the children in the big new housing estate in St. Martin's, which now has a population of 10,000."

Boys become bad, very often, because of boredom. In this new housing estate four swings and a badly-sited half-acre field are all that has been provided for the children.

The school's three and a half acres are locked after school hours!

"About 500 people in one estate," says Councillor Green, "were brought from Hereford's slums, but then the authorities washed their hands of them.

"The old part of the city is snobbish and exclusive, looking down on the folk on the housing estate."

Of how many other cities is this picture true? JOHN BULL would like to know!

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **Mussolini and Graziani are trying to create a new Fascist Italian diplomatic organisation. Many leading Italians have volunteered for posts, but Mussolini rightly, suspects their only purpose is to get out of the country.**

● *Count Carlo Sforza is expected to make a declaration of the utmost importance. His moves may soon change the political position inside Italy completely.*

● Queen Helen, Italian-born mother of King Michael of Rumania, is the driving spirit behind growing Rumanian opposition to Nazi requests.

● **Hitler's envoy in Bucharest, the ruthless "killer" Killinger, has reported that only severe measures of oppression can prevent open outbursts once Russian advances approach the eastern bank of the Black Sea.**

● *At the same time a special Nazi Danube patrol has been created. Fast moving motor-boats are patrolling the river which is vital to German south-eastern communications.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

FOUR MILLION MISSING HOMES

ASTONISHING news has disturbed the calm on the Home Front. Proposals to ease the national housing shortage have been issued by the Ministry of Health.

This is passing strange because, of course, Officialdom has hitherto been shy to admit the existence of a national housing shortage and, when prodded into the open, has argued that anyhow nothing could be done about it until after the war.

Now, we are told, large houses are to be converted into flats. Damaged houses are to be repaired. Above all, some twenty thousand houses that have been left in a partly built state for years are to be completed.

Twenty thousand, mark you—and very welcome they will be. But, unfortunately, they will represent a mere drop in the bucket of Urgent Need.

For Sheffield alone Urgently Needs that number.

There are fifteen thousand names on the city's waiting list for Corporation houses. Many of those houses, indeed, are already occupied by more than one family.

Moreover, there is acute overcrowding in the more expensive residential areas.

Thus in one privately owned, good-class dwelling, a woman lived in a single room with her six children, until the call-up of her eldest boy reduced the number to five. "He was glad to get away," she says.

And Sheffield is not an exceptionally black spot on the map of Britain. It is typical of most of the other large centres of population.

Yes, even of London itself.

For example, a soldier's wife and child who were bombed out of their home went to live with some relatives.

Their new home had only two bedrooms, and these had to accommodate the soldier's wife and her baby, a man and wife, their young daughter —and another daughter suffering from tuberculosis.

Yet when application was made for better accommodation they were officially told that their case wasn't urgent enough!

Even worse cases have been reported to JOHN BULL from smaller towns and rural districts.

In a town north of the Border an ex-Serviceman has been waiting for a council house ever since he was married—and that was in 1921.

He is living in a furnished room with his wife, two sons in their 'teens and two young daughters.

Three times he has been sent to a sanatorium, and perhaps no one should wonder at that.

Such cases, of course, are merely particular instances of a general evil. Even if this page were filled with examples of the revolting overcrowding to be found in the "Englishman's castle," they could do no more than illustrate a small section of the task to be faced.

CONSIDER the great number of young couples who are having to live with their parents—hardly a promising start for a contented married life.

Remember that 1 in every 5 of Britain's thirteen million houses have been destroyed or damaged in air raids.

And think how much more acute will be the problem when millions of men and women leave the Forces after the war in search of home!

To avoid chaos and widespread hardship, we should be ready to start work on the greatest building programme of all time immediately peace is restored.

Shall we be ready? To say that it appears doubtful is to be optimistic.

True, the near future is likely to bring Government decisions on some of the recommendations in the Uthwatt Report. After a delay of nearly two years!

Local authorities will, therefore, be able to obtain the land required for their housing schemes—plans for which have hitherto had to be kept dark for fear of speculators stepping in and holding the authorities to ransom.

The latter may even be told how much financial help the State will give them to buy the land.

But, even if this progress can be reported before this autumn ends it will not be enough.

By now we should have done more than argue about the site for our vast building job; we should be ready to lay the foundations and put up the walls.

Let us see what this will involve.

We shall need a careful and highly complex plan to demobilise sufficient numbers of building workers at the right time.

They cannot be released from the Forces all at once. Considerable armies of occupation must be retained in various parts of the world when the actual fighting is finished; to withdraw all the men of a particular trade would leave many Army units seriously below strength.

Besides, to withdraw more men than are actually required at any given stage of our rebuilding programme would obviously result in unemployment.

Next, prodigious and unprecedented quantities of material must be forthcoming. So we shall need plans, too, to govern the production of quarries and cement factories, and so forth.

Not least, we must be prepared to switch over war factories to the manufacture of prefabricated houses. Which means that we must mass-produce walls and doors and interior fittings for quick assembly on chosen sites—to provide temporary homes for millions while we are getting on with the slower task of building permanent houses.

No doubt there is already some behind-the-scenes activity in Whitehall on such plans.

But how far has the planning progressed? Is it still only in the discussion stage? Have any definite conclusions been reached? Are our Ministers ready for the peace?

We do not know.

Vague hints have been dropped and that is all.

Not a word of enlightening information has been vouchsafed, even to the corporations of great cities which, overcrowded before the war, are now packed out by the growth of industry and the destruction by bombs of large residential areas.

Nor have the industries concerned received guidance.

There is only uncertainty and perplexity; even the Tory Party, which is not usually associated with pleas for planning, has been moved to demand action.

IN a recent resolution, it urged the Government to

"Declare now a definite policy for providing finance, labour and material."

It went on to demand that housing should be treated as

"A matter of the utmost urgency, using the full resources of private enterprise and local authorities."

The Conservative Party has thus employed both the arguments and the language of JOHN BULL. The Labour and Liberal Parties are not less insistent in stressing the vastness and urgency of the problem.

The whole nation, indeed, is anxious for an early Government statement of policy.

The war is moving inexorably to its climax and conclusion. A further two years' delay in deciding the country's housing programme would cause the peace to be attended by misery and discontent, ramps and scandals.

All who have served their country in uniform, all who toiled to produce the munitions of war, all who kept high the nation's resolve to win a just and triumphant peace, will have the right to demand decent homes in which to live.

They must be assured that those homes will be available. And they must be given a guarantee NOW.

We're All In It Together

SCENE: the crowded corridor of the Cornish Riviera Express —eastward-bound. The time is about 3.30, September 9. Two ladies, ostentatiously first-class, are talking:—

1st Lady: But, my dear, we had a lovely holiday at Torquay. There was boating, tennis, and dancing, and ample food. The hotel didn't take *anybody* in, so we were *quite* comfortable. We've been there three weeks.

2nd Lady: I've just come back from Ilfracombe. I've been there since July. We were quite comfortable at the Hotel X. The Ministry of Labour sent to me while I was there, but, of course, I am not able to work. I am *so* debilitated. Luckily, Mr. ——, of Harley Street, was staying in the hotel, and, of course, he vouched for my ill-health.

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1st Lady: Oh, I do my bit. I help in a Service canteen one night a week. My dear, quite devastating, the strange people one meets there. Some of the men are quite good class. Of course they have educational lectures in the Services now, and they are run by quite cultured people. Oh, is that your son? Dear child. . . . What school is he at?

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2nd Lady: None at present. He finished at —— School last term. I decided to take him away. My dear, he was quite misunderstood. . . . You see, he is very highly strung and needs a sympathetic approach, and the traditions of the school did not suit him. . . . The headmaster considered that he would be much better if he had a private tutor, and so I am arranging him to start shortly. . . . Poor dear. He worries so much . . . he can do the lessons quite well when he puts his mind to it, but isn't it difficult to clothe boys now with all this awful coupon business? . . . I'm very lucky, because my maids give me theirs. They can't afford to buy clothes at the prices nowadays, but I buy their coupons, and they are quite satisfied. . . . And so . . . ha . . . ha . . . we're all satisfied.

1st Lady: The coupons are *such* a nuisance. . . . I feel quite *shattered* now that one's clothes *have* to last. . . . Still . . . we must be cheerful. . . . Dear me, when *will* the attendant call tea? . . . I'm really quite devastated waiting for a cup. . . . The railways treat one like cattle these days, and, after all, they are making a great deal of money from passenger transport. . . .

[Here a sailor with full kit gently requests passage through the phalanx of passengers.]

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. . . Yes, if you can get through. . . . Isn't it terrible the way the Servicemen have to carry all this luggage. . . . Takes up such room. . . . You would think the railway companies would allow special trains for them. . . . There would be more comfort on *these* trains then. . . .

2nd Lady: What do you think of the news this morning? Italy collapsing. . . .

1st Lady: Yes, splendid, isn't it? Aren't we doing well? . . .

Curtain.

F. J. CHAMBERLAIN.

OPEN LETTERS

Ex-Sapper ERIC SCOWN, Abingdon Road, Oxford

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations on being the first ex-Service man of this war to succeed in an appeal against the Ministry of Pensions.

For a long time now I have championed the cause of men like you. I have exposed on many occasions the fundamental injustices which have robbed men of their pensions rights. At long last, after months of weary waiting, the Appeals Tribunals have begun to function.

The fact that yours was the only appeal allowed of the first six heard in London is matterless. Those whose appeals were rejected described the Tribunal as "very fair"; and the patient manner in which the cases were heard augurs well for future appellants.

I can appreciate your joy when the Tribunal announced its decision. "I have been given new life" you told a reporter.

Those few words express exactly what I have been fighting for. I know the bitterness that sears the minds of men whose ill-health is the result of serving Britain; and whose plight in the past was, apparently, nobody's business.

Your successful appeal will awaken in the hearts of hundreds of others whose cases have yet to be heard, new hope and new incentive to living. Not all will get a pension. But all will get a fair hearing.

And that is a great achievement, as all men who have ever worn uniform, realise.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. ANNIE EARNSHAW, Union Street, Dewsbury, Yorkshire

DEAR MRS. EARNSHAW,—Years ago, when I read Lady Mary Montagu's "Letters," I doubted the truth of her apothegm "Politeness costs nothing and gains everything." My doubts are stilled by the news that your courtesy behind the counter of your father's shop has brought you a legacy of £20,000.

The retired manufacturer who left you that fortune described you as "the most kind and courteous shop assistant I have ever met in this country or abroad."

Politeness does pay—and pays handsomely. In these days when manners are markedly on the decline, and courtesy seems at a discount your windfall will serve as a reminder to all those ill-mannered shop assistants who take a delight in being rude to customers.

If I had my way I would hang in every shop in Britain a picture of you serving in your shop, with a caption in bold type, "Politeness paid this shop assistant £20,000. Don't forget to smile."

And I would advise all busy wives and harassed mothers who suffer patiently the impolite shafts of intolerant short-tempered assistants, to use, whenever the chance offers, the terse retort: "Remember Mrs. Earnshaw."

Apart from the £20,000, which has come to you so unexpectedly, you deserve the thanks of all those people who still, despite the tension of war, practice politeness and expect, in return, politeness from others—JOHN BULL.

Mr. SUMNER WELLES, American Statesman

DEAR MR. WELLES,—Looming ever more insistently beyond the horizon of victory are the problems of peace. They are big problems, as complex and as difficult as any that mankind has been called on to solve.

The world—and by the world I mean the millions of men and women who ponder these problems vaguely—still awaits a definite lead from the United Nations. America, like Britain, remains silent.

For that reason I hope that your declaration that it is the duty of the United States to speak out plainly now about its hopes and plans for the post-war world, will be heeded not only by President Roosevelt, but by all leaders of the United Nations.

This seeming conspiracy of silence awakens shadowy doubts and fears in the hearts of men and women who are looking hopefully forward to a peace of enlightenment and reform.

I agree with you that the time has come when those fears must be dispelled.

From Washington and London the men who are leading us to victory must issue a bold statement on the lines you suggest.

We want to hear details of a definite, concrete programme that will encourage men and women the world over wherever the flags of the United Nations fly.

And above all we must be ready, when peace comes, to put into practice the lesson we have so painfully learned—"that we cannot grow richer if the rest of the world becomes poorer and that the surest guarantee of our prosperity is the prosperity of others." Thanks for those words.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. A. A. DAVID, Bishop of Liverpool

DEAR DR. DAVID,—Your courage in lending active support to a Liverpool experiment aimed at breaking down the colour bar in that city is to be commended.

As chairman of the Council of Stanley House, where coloured men and their families will meet their white friends on terms of racial and social equality, you will have a difficult time in convincing others that the deeply-rooted prejudices of colour can be swept away.

Men and women are slow to appreciate the full meaning of the democratic doctrine that all men are born equal.

The advent on these shores of American troops, both white and coloured, has accentuated the whole problem which you and your Council are tackling so boldly.

The way of the pioneer is hard, especially when that way is paved with prejudice, hardened with hatred and sown with suspicion.

You have my earnest hope that Stanley House will be successful in its aims; and that it will be the first of many such centres, not only in Britain but in every part of the globe where the ugliness of racial prejudice shows itself. —JOHN BULL.

JUDGE TREVOR HUNTER, Ilford County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—When an airman's wife and a married woman war worker both claimed the right to live in a house at Romford you suggested that they should share the house and adjourned the case for the women to make arrangements.

This practical interpretation of Solomon's judgment might be taken to heart by many people in these days of housing shortage.

For one lesson of the war that should be properly learned by now is that nearly all personal problems can be solved by reason and toleration.

The basis of that lesson is "give and take." Unhappily, there are still amongst us those who will take everything but are prepared to give nothing.

Women, naturally, prefer to have a house of their own. But I recall in the days of the blitz how many a poor mother with children of her own gladly cared for and cherished other kiddies evacuated from our bombed cities.

They are the kind of heart. Their example still shines through the murky shadows of war. They were ready to share their little homes with others, without a thought for the sacrifice and work involved.

Your advice to the wives to share a house can, with profit, be extended to other phases of life. And the sharers would be the first to benefit.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

Stalin has Revived Holy Russia

THERE are cynics and scoffers in this country who would have us believe that the restoration of religious right in Russia is nothing but a disguised political move, aimed at allaying distrust of the Soviet Government.

News that the Church leaders of Leningrad have been decorated for their work in helping to maintain the defence of the city is twisted into an argument that the Church has become merely an adjunct of the State, subject to the demands and decrees of the Supreme Council of the Soviets.

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There cannot be any foundation for these distorted views.

The Russian Church, since the overthrow of the Tsarist régime, has endured years of persecution and suppression.

For centuries it was closely allied to the temporal power. So for that matter was, and in some cases still is, the Church in every country in the world.

The Russian Church's period of tribulation after the 1917 revolution was the price it paid for failure to pursue the true religious path, to fight against misery, and to throw in its lot with the poor and downtrodden.

Yet, through the years the spirit of religion has survived—not in closed, empty and desecrated churches, not in the swinging censers, the pealing organs, the trappings of bishops and the majesty of masses, but in the hearts of men and women.

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Russia, greatest social, economic and industrial experiment in history, for years pursued a magnificent material ambition—to exploit her vast resources, to raise the standard of living, to give every man and woman a material stake in a material economy.

There were setbacks, yet the progress achieved was stupendous. Only now is the world learning how colossal that progress has been.

The victories of the Red Army and the sacrifices of the whole Soviet peoples are proof of a nation's determination that no Hitler shall prevent the ultimate ambition.

The stress of war has awakened the need for religion. Man cannot live by bread, or material progress, alone. His happiness, or, if you prefer, his spiritual content, are dependent on the things that are inside him.

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No autocrat, no dictator, no man-made law can still that urge. The spirit of religion may be driven underground; it may be veiled; it may be despised. But, like truth, it cannot be killed or utterly suppressed.

This is a truth that no cynicism can obscure. Religious revival in Russia is a sign of the times—a sign that we must heed, even in days when all our efforts are being directed to a victory which will bring religious tolerance to the uttermost ends of the earth.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—No. 3. By FRANK R. LEWEY, J.P.,
Mayor of Stepney during the Blitz

Black Hell-Hole of the Blitz

★ Indignation swept the country when the terrible conditions of the shelters in London's East End became known. Then came the revelation of similar horrors in other badly bombed districts: then, too, came swift and drastic reform. And through it all the A.R.P. workers toiled

UNTIL the *Luftwaffe* hit London, A.R.P. was our principal joke.

Stepney, centre of the Dock area, had hardly any deep shelters. It had some surface shelters—not nearly enough—but they are useful only against shrapnel.

Utterly inadequate arrangements had been made to deal with sudden mass demands for clothing, food, sanitation, sleeping quarters, evacuation. There was no proper plan for education in raid periods. Rescue apparatus was lacking. Static water was lacking. Fire-watchers were almost as rare as Martians.

THUNDERBOLT ATTACK

Like many others, I had been agitating since 1939 about all this. Then came the thunderbolt air attack on London. In a few months, *almost every building* in Stepney was either demolished or damaged.

To me, the Phœnix of London A.R.P. rose from the ashes of the burned houses, and, amid bombs and fire, became what it is to-day—the world's greatest passive defence system, absolutely unbeatable now by any Air Force in the world.

Typical of its growth everywhere was what happened at the Fruit Exchange Shelter at Spitalfields. The Chief Shelter Warden there has a hunch back and the heart of a lion. His name is Micky Davis. He shall tell you this story, in his own words.

"The Fruit Exchange Shelter had accommodation for 5,164 persons. Twice that number was far exceeded in the first mad rushes to get away from the frightful destruction that rained down in the first big raid.

TERRIBLE CONDITIONS

"The shelter was stuffed with boxes of fruit awaiting sale, mounds of bricks, sand and cement; it was terribly badly lit, and unbelievably dirty and verminous. There were no ventilators at all, no water, no drainage, no sanitation for those 12,000 people except a few canvas-curtained cubicles waiting for chemical closets to be installed.

"After the first few hours, the stench of decaying fruit and the body odours of frightened humanity was such that I do not know why children did not suffocate and die.

"Thousands of people were jammed like packed dates on the filthy floor, while less lucky men, women and children padded panting to and fro along gangways a few inches wide between the prone figures.

"Those lying down stretched head to feet and side against side. The gangway walkers moved quickly, turning their heads from side to side like caged beasts. As someone in the dimness turned with a groan on to one side to ease his racked body, into the 6 in. opening thus made would dart a walker, with a snarling sob.

"Amid upheaval and curses, the newcomer fought for space, willing to oust the other entirely.

"Man—and woman—became atavistic. The fiercest survived.

"Into that Hogarth Hell, on the night

Courage made up for early lack of organisation. The A.R.P. rescuers did not falter

of September 7, 1940, I fled out of a violent raid. I felt as if I had run into a stinking wall, so solid were the fumes.

People were hysterical; fear could be seen starting from their eyes like fog. Babies were bawling with hunger. Women with tears trembling in their eyes and on their chins were trying, with shaking lips, to hush them.

"Somebody yelled at me: 'Here, Warden—a man's in a fit.' He lay, arms and legs thrashing. I moistened his lips from my water-bottle. Instantly, scores cried out: 'For God's sake give us a drop of water. . . .'

"The nearest water was in a horse trough across the street above. I saw a young nurse in Red Cross uniform, like a vision in that awful place. I said: 'Here's a patient, nurse'; and walked out to refill my bottle.

"After a nasty few minutes amongst the whistle of falling shrapnel and bombs, I took back some water. The nurse (her name was Eve Feld) and Alf Cohen, known as 'Long Alf,' were moving along rendering first-aid. Where they passed, morale returned.

"With nurse, 'Long Alf' and some others, I helped set up a First Aid Post in a corner. It was needed. Many of the people had not washed or changed their clothing or gone into the open air since the Blitz began, several days before.

"They were like living dead. They ate what others gave them, and remained silent.

"Our volunteer band became a germ of authoritative self-government for that shelter. We restored some sort of order. We persuaded mothers to feed their babies at the right times. We settled quarrels. We dispensed hot drinks, and did wound dressings.

"Water was our worst problem. Six 3-gallon cans were obtained, and we took turns to fill them from the horse trough. On one occasion, when only one helmet was available, nurse and I went out for water into the blackness, with shell splinters falling like a hailstorm. My bare head crinkled.

THE BOTTOM OUT!

"We were filling the can when the local barrage opened up with all it had, and a lump of shell cut through the can we were holding between us.

"Our shelter government grew. We had twenty-six different national groups in that shelter, and fourteen different languages were spoken. Our Committee consisted of representatives of the people, with right of referendum and recall.

"Order emerged from chaos. Blankets, clothing and bedding were obtained and issued. Evacuation of the elderly, and of mothers with children, was started. An ante- and post-natal clinic was begun. Liaison with doctors and hospitals was established.

"Marks and Spencers gave us a magnificent canteen that supplied hot snacks and beverages to 5,000 shelterers. This was staffed on a voluntary basis by girls who, working all day elsewhere, gave up several nights a week.

"Professor Drummond's Blitz Broth was first tried here, and, with a piece of wholemeal bread is, to this day, the most popular canteen dish.

"Micky's Shelter, as it has now come to be called, is no longer the Black Hole of London, but a place where many who use it live actually under better conditions than they were used to in their peace time homes. Clean, orderly, with a free health service and the essentials for a cultured existence, it is a model of co-operation and self-help."

There you have the story of the emergence of A.R.P. in Stepney—a story typical of the area, and itself an explanation why heavy raiding can never shake us now. If we could improvise such things in 1940 from such beginnings, "naught can make us rue."

MUNICH BEGAN IT

In the 1938 crisis, when London had really no A.R.P. organisation at all, Sir George Gater, Clerk to the L.C.C., received a secret letter asking him to take the post of Chief A.R.P. Officer. There were, at that time, no communication systems, no control rooms, no contacts with local authorities.

When war began, Sir George had done marvels, though much detail was still lacking.

When the Blitz hit us, much still remained to be done; but the undying courage of the A.R.P. personnel made up for that.

Sam Harris was typical of them.

He is a man of ample proportions, with a smile to match. One night a bomb fell very close to his post; blast had already blown him out of it once, but now he rushed out to investigate and almost ran into a parachute mine that exploded in front of him, wrecking both himself and the post.

ARMOUR-PLATED!

Sam had a miraculous escape, getting off with a gaping hole in his stomach, and another in his leg. When he was picked up, he managed to grin, and said: "Tell the Missus I'll be all right—they haven't got through my armour-plating."

I have not space to tell you literally hundreds of stories of A.R.P. men's gallantry, many of which came in my own experience.

I can only say they showed the spirit of Old England—the spirit that will never die or know defeat.

A Mist will Beat the 'Flu Germs!

FIRST pattern of a rough deal which is going to be handed out to that arch-killer, influenza, was hewn by British research workers in 1933, when they succeeded in isolating the guilty virus.

To-day, medical research workers of the U.S. Navy have put the finishing touches to the shaping of the deal.

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They have produced a serum mist which, inhaled, gives a 90 per cent. lung immunity against 'flu virus.

It may cost the world a lot of money to put the deal through—but it can save the world millions of lives!

The influenza epidemic which raved round the world in 1918 left in its wake some 21 million dead—more than twice the number killed in the four years of the first World War.

A similar epidemic may be loosed on the world after this war, but if our preparations are made in time the epidemic can be utterly routed.

The weapon which will rout it—the new serum mist—is largely the discovery of Commander Albert Krueger, of the No. 1 Naval Laboratory Research Unit at the University of California.

More than a year of ceaseless experiments, based on results already achieved by British research and Russian scientists, lie behind his discovery.

The main secret of its success is a serum which takes effect immediately—not two or three months after application.

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And its practical application lies in the fine atomising process which, turning the serum into mist, enables it to be breathed into the lungs.

Once inhaled, it gives its 90 per cent. immunity against 'flu virus breathed in at any time within the next three or four days.

More, it has been shown that it will cure 50 per cent. of cases already down with the 'flu.

In the event of an epidemic, all public health authorities should be able to provide this immunisation for citizens.

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It would, in such an event, probably take the form of a large room, whose atmosphere would be saturated with the serum mist and through which people would pass—say on their way to or from work.

It should only be necessary for them to walk through the room once every four days, for the protective coating thus formed on the lung tissue remains constant for that period.

And that would be the end of 'flu.

PATRICK SPENCER.

No False Pride This Time

★ General Smuts still wears the medal ribbons he won fighting the British in South Africa—but now he is our greatest friend. We muddled through after the Boer and Great Wars. Hannen Swaffer argues that a repetition of chaos could be avoided.

SMUTS, as he spoke in the bomb-scarred Guildhall last week, was not only a symbol. He was History's supreme example of the result of tolerance.

What else but liberalism of mind and policy could have turned a one-time enemy into an impassioned spokesman of Commonwealth ideals?

Hannen Swaffer as George Whitelaw sees him

One-time Enemy

Why, in the Boer War, our present Premier was a prisoner of war in a Boer camp! Now, the most distinguished of Boer generals is our most intimate associate—and boasting of his faith in "Empire," surrounded by scores of City magnates who bitterly opposed the granting of that self-government which made Smuts our eloquent champion and our abiding friend.

As I saw the defeated Boer generals land in Southampton in 1902, I remembered much. . . .

It was in that same Guildhall that, in the Boer War, the late Lord Salisbury declared: "We seek no territory. We want no goldfields."

We got the territory. And, in the entrance to the meeting, I saw an Empire poster: "Do you know that South Africa is by far the largest producer of gold. . . .?"

But something more important happened—the pro-Boers, whose arguments my youthful mind absorbed, insisted on full freedom for our defeated enemies, despite Tory warnings that "It will mean the end of the British Empire."

Prophets of Evil

And I bet you nearly all the older people on the platform once cheered all that bunk.

Naturally, Smuts did not mention all that. But he did refer to the "prophets of evil" who saw in the Statute of Westminster "dire forebodings of the dissolution of our Commonwealth of Nations whenever it might come up against a first-class crisis."

And he did emphasise—with some of the "prophets of evil" around him!—that the Commonwealth had survived the crisis more cemented than before.

While I listened, though, I had hopes, however temporary. For Smuts, with a glimpse of the Vision Splendid, sought to point out the way.

The time for national sovereign states has passed, he said:

"Let us make up our minds that it shall go, that no false pride of independent nationhood, of isolated sovereignties, shall defeat the great hope and vision of a peaceful ordered human society, steadily moving forward to the attainment of the high social and spiritual ideals which have been the inspiration of the greatest spirits of our race."

It was false pride that, in 1906, made the Diehards oppose the policy that brought Smuts into our world-wide British brotherhood.

It is only false pride that, when the guns cease to fire, can prevent the eventual building of that ever greater brotherhood in which all races and creeds and colours unite to share bounty and to unite all mankind.

Smuts spoke of the "essential will to peace." There must be an essential will to more than that. There must be an essential will to wholesale schemes of social amelioration and redemption.

Without it, we shall have won nothing but battles.

In order to warn us about the future, we must remember the lessons of the past.

The Boer War, which we expected to be over in a few months, dragged on for three years.

"We've had a jolly good lesson," wrote Kipling at his worst, "and it serves us jolly well right."

Yet we learned nothing from it. There was a "Khaki election," in which the most arrogant of Imperialistic speeches were made and the Tories were swept into office on a tide of "patriotism." Not for four years did the anti-Boer passion die down.

Fortunately, Campbell-Bannerman's Bill of 1906 which gave self-government to the Boers was passed. And the Empire was saved.

Forgotten Pledges

Then again in 1918, after we had lost over 700,000 dead in the first Great War, there were yells of "Hang the Kaiser," screams in which the pledges "Land fit for heroes" and "A world safe for democracy," were forgotten.

Lloyd-George, as "the man who won the war," obtained a Tory-bossed Coalition majority of 263. And there followed four years in which British government fell to its lowest depths.

Soon after, the working hours of the miners were increased by Baldwin, and there came a terrible slump in which vast industrial areas became desolate, derelict and dead.

Now, what will happen this time?

Churchill, who seven months ago promised a Four-Year Plan, now declares that no pretext of war needs must be allowed "to introduce far-reaching social and political changes by a side wind."

So we are obviously faced, when the war is over, by an election in which another "man who won the war" will lead a Tory party which is already opposing all those controls necessary to prevent a boom followed by a slump and towering prices followed by wholesale unemployment.

There will be, almost certainly, a third post-war Tory victory. And then, no doubt, the Tories will be thrown out of office again because of the collapse inevitable without planning and co-operation, and there will come into office another Left party, this time Labour, which will have to try to clean up a mess like those of 1906 and 1929.

Even now, though, all this can be averted.

But where is the essential plan?

Reith got past Churchill a great scheme for rebuilding. Then, suddenly Reith was sacked.

Greenwood, in charge of reconstruction, was dismissed the same Saturday afternoon.

Then Cripps, who had continually urged post-war planning, was dismissed.

Meanwhile the Tory attacks on Bevin, on Morrison, and on Dalton—Atlee was ignored—opened in full blast.

They held offices, whose work was easy to criticise. On them fell the colossal tasks of wholesale conscription, compulsory fire-watching and restriction on commerce.

And leading Tories now say openly that, having used Labour men in the Government, they can now discard them when they like. Their purpose has been secured.

Despite all this, there is, over the war effort, complete unity within the Government, every member of which accepts Churchill as the natural war time head of the nation. His enormous prestige arouses no jealousy. They all like him. And they all work with him on terms of friendship.

It's Not Too Late

Churchill, if he only realised it, could yet transform Britain. He is not himself a greedy man. He has always earned his own living, and with an industrious honesty.

But he is the head of the Tory party, a position he accepted because he felt that, without a party, he would be powerless. He did not realise that the Tories were powerless without him.

Even at this late hour he could pledge, on behalf of any Government which followed—for it would be swept out of office if the pledge were broken—social security and a reasonable standard of living for everyone in the land. He could call it "Churchill's Britain" if he liked.

I would not care what it was called, or, so long as it was done, who got the credit. But someone will have to do it. The enormous votes given to Independent candidates, with no machine and no financial backing, prove that.

The nation is eager. But the Government lags behind. Labour is a prisoner in the Tory camp. The Opposition is outmanœuvred time after time.

And the months pass, while nothing is done. . . .

WHAT E FACE

★ The German Army is never defeated: to preserve this old fiction Hitler, using Himmler as his whip-lash, declares the home-front guilty of treachery and a reign of terror breaks loose in the heart of the "European Fortress."

By A. G. GARDINER

TIME alone will show whether German will crack first within or without—militarily or morally, on the battle front or on the home front. The doom approaches inexorably on both fronts but no one can predict where the lightning stroke will fall.

Let us turn to-day to the situation inside Germany. It is the skeleton in Hitler's cupboard.

No student of the German Press or the German broadcasts can fail to be impressed by the wave of defeatism and fear that is overspreading the country.

Goebbels is at his wits' end to keep the spirit of the people up. Long gone are the days when he used to set the bells ringing and the fanfares blowing for new victories and "annihilations." The old lies serve no longer, for the nemesis of lying has come and the people have ceased to believe.

The grim, stark truth is out, and Goebbels flounders like a drowning man in his attempt to combat it. At one moment he is imploring the Germans to be "tough" as the British in their hour of peril were tough. At the next (as in his speech at the Berlin Sportspalast) he takes refuge in apocalyptic visions.

"Germany must win," he says, "because a higher destiny ordains it, because without our victory history would have lost its meaning and history is not meaningless."

He can no longer keep the agony of despair out of the dragooned newspapers. From end to end of Germany "little devil doubt" peeps out in spite of the dread penalties of doubt. Thus:

"Not everybody who compares 1943 with 1940 and draws comparison is a gossiper and a traitor," says a South German newspaper.

"We know perfectly well that words like 'retreat according to plan' and 'orderly evacuation' get on many people's nerves in the long run," says a North German newspaper.

Even the official organ of the Nazis, the "Voelkischer Beobachter," cannot keep the spectre of defeat out of its columns.

"The war can only be won if everyone makes an effort undreamed of before," it says. And it goes on:

"The German nation has reached a dead point; there are days when we do our work mechanically, with tired feelings and depression—days when we refrain from thinking about the future."

ERMANY NOW

It is this deepening gloom on the home front against which Hitler launched his reign of terror when in August he appointed the fiendish Himmler Minister of the Interior.

Terror has always been Hitler s weapon. With terror he conquered the nations of Europe, " one by one." By terror he holds them down.

Now that the terror is lifting abroad, he turns it on his own people.

The murder squad is busy throughout the Reich. Not secretly, but openly. Another batch of citizens has just been shot for circulating criticisms of the régime, and the fact is published broadcast in order to strike terror into the hearts of all those who are tempted to whisper their fears.

Himmler has declared in the most brutal terms at the Party conference his determination to stop at nothing to destroy defeatism, and the terror within Germany grows as the peril from without closes in.

BUT THE MORE OPEN DEFEATISM IS SUPPRESSED BY THESE SAVAGERIES, THE MORE IT WILL FLOURISH IN SECRET. THE MERE ATTEMPT TO SUPPRESS IT BECOMES EVIDENCE OF ITS TRUTH.

★ ★ ★

This war on the home front has a special significance for Hitler. It is the claim of himself and the Prussian militarists that the German Army was not beaten in the last war.

It was stabbed in the back from the home front. In the favourite phrase of the soldiers, " It was the turnip-winter of 1917-18 that lost Germany the war."

This, of course, is a fiction. The war was 'ost when in October, 1918, Ludendorff reported to the Reichstag that the last reserves were exhausted and the Army was so depleted that it could not continue the struggle.

It is true that the home front was hungry and anxious for peace. But it was the defeat of the army that ended the war.

The fiction, however, has become the established fact.

It is the cardinal gospel of Germany that the Army can never be beaten. So the nation has to be declared guilty of treachery in order that the invincibility of the Army can be preserved untarnished.

★ ★ ★

It follows from the acceptance of this legend that the only danger of defeat is a break in the morale of the home front. Prevent that and the Army will be triumphant. It can only be defeated from behind.

The bombing of their cities is a trial that had no parallel in 1918 : Flying Fortresses add to the punishments of 1943

This has been the governing belief of Hitler throughout. And now that the tide of war has turned against him he has made Himmler master of Germany so that, through the Gestapo, he can spread such fear on the home front that there will be no repetition of the alleged " stab in the back " of 1918.

Hence the reign of terror which is now in full swing throughout the Reich. That it will grow in intensity as the military position of Germany worsens is tolerably certain.

What its bearing will be upon the question with which I started can only be surmised. It is probable that for a time the fear of the firing squad will keep the morale of the home front from a serious collapse.

Of such a collapse, indeed, there is no immediate sign. The people are weary, depressed, saturated with defeatism, but they are not at the point of breaking.

They are not hungry as they were in 1918 (thanks to the plunder of the harvests of other countries).

On the other hand, the bombing of their cities is a trial that had no parallel in 1918.

★ ★ ★

But whatever the immediate effect of the firing squads on German morale may be, the final result must be fatal.

Here again there is no evidence that morale has reached the breaking point. Everywhere the Army is defeated, in retreat, and on the defensive. But its fighting spirit remains, and all the witnesses bear testimony to the still arrogant bearing of the prisoners.

Nothing, however, can check the interactions of the two inexorable factors—defeatism and repression at home and military failure in the field.

Meanwhile we can watch the reign of terror on Hitler's home front with entire calm—even satisfaction. It is another omen of the coming victory.

It has been our good fortune throughout to have no trouble on our home front. It was so in our darkest days when we stood alone. It is so to-day when four-fifths of the world are marching with us, or cheering us.

Let us take care that it is so to the end and beyond the end.

This, more than any war in history, is a People's War. Let us crown it with a People's Victory and a People's Peace.

Fighting in the Fields in War and Peace

ALL of us join in the tributes paid to members of the Women's Land Army and to the thousands of others who have left easier jobs to take part in the fight for food.

★ ★ ★

But how often do we give a thought to those women who, in peace and in war, work on the farms of this country?

They are the wives and sisters of farm workers. They have no uniform. They are rarely provided with protective clothing.

They know what it is to work in the long years when agriculture is looked upon as the job for the man and woman who have insufficient brains to get work elsewhere; when wages are so low that the whole family lives below the poverty line.

They know not only the pleasant work of the field, the apple orchard and the hop garden, but the torturing job of " wringing " wurtzels and picking sprouts in the frost, of sowing manure in a high wind, the routine field work in bad weather.

Not only are they war workers: when the work in the fields is done they have to return home to begin cooking, washing and mending for the family.

They have to fit in their shopping somehow.

Many a woman who works on the land begins work before sunrise at home, plods a long distance to her job, and returns shortly before her husband, to work on well into the night.

Most farm cottages have few conveniences. Many have no decent sanitation, are damp, with a primitive water-supply. Paraffin lamps and wood fires are still usual.

Farm women usually have children to care for, but no crèches or nursery schools can be found in the villages. The bigger children go to the village school, but the toddlers, and the babies, go to work with mother.

★ ★ ★

It is usual to see a row of prams at the end of a field, with a group of small children playing round.

While she works, the mother has to keep one eye on the babies : any woman will understand what that means.

These women worked on the land in peace time. Therefore it has been said, they are used to the work and " make nothing of it."

How many people realise that the village woman had two reasons for working in the fields, long before the urgent pleas were made for increased production?

★ ★ ★

It is often a condition of the husband's employment that his wife should be capable of field work. And it must not be forgotten that the only way to bring enough money into the home before the war was for every available member of the family to earn a few shillings.

Unless the women, and the older children, brought in extra money, there was nothing left for clothing and household replacements.

These countrywomen have no fancy ideas about their own value to the community. When they married farm labourers they knew what was ahead.

They ask only for a fair wage and for better housing.

These women, daughters, wives, mothers and sisters of the men on the land—and of many thousands of the men who are fighting—deserve recognition for the part they are playing.

WALLACE ARTER.

"John Bull's" Ten Minute Story

★

By Gerald Kersh

All That One Man Remembered

★ What does a man remember while he is dying of wounds? All that Blanco could think about in the Desert was his dog Jacko. He'd married his elderly landlady to get the pup a good home—and she was a holy terror. Condition powders, traffic and the danger of a pup swallowing pebbles were the last thoughts of one soldier who was with friends when he died in the silent African sands.

Notwithstanding six hideous wounds, he retained consciousness for as long as it takes to win a Military Medal—about thirty-five seconds

★

EDGE came limping back from Africa with a row of marks on his stomach such as he might have got by falling from a third-floor window on to spiked iron railings. He had run into a Schmeisser automatic carbine.

Notwithstanding six hideous wounds, he retained consciousness for as long as it takes to win a Military Medal—about thirty-five seconds.

He was a powerful and gallant man, this Corporal Edge; a regular soldier, a grumbler of the old school, a profane swearer, a bit of a perjurer, ruthless and sly as a fox, loyal as a dog, gregarious yet lonely; an old soldier.

We used to hate him once upon a time; he was a disciplinarian who chased us until our feet scarcely touched the ground. Yet it was Edge who said to us, before he said good-bye to us:

"Go on, curse me, you silly little men! Go on, curse me! Put your little heads together, you horrible little girls, and grouse as soon as I've gone!

"But you remember one thing—you old women, you! I've sweated blood out o' you, but I've made better men of you than your mothers made.

"I've give you discipline, and before this show's over you'll thank me for it. Because a disciplined man is a man you can rely on to think of all the rest of you before himself, he's a good soldier. He's a pal; I've made good pals of you . . . one for all, and nobody for his own skin first. Remember that.

"Now scram out o' here. I've tied you together; you'll never shake that off. Call me all the bastards alive if you like—this is a free country. So long!"

At this, somehow, all the resentment went out of us. We saw that between the blindingly burnished cap-badge and the inhumanly polished boots there stood a proper man, in a hard red shell; a hard man, but a decent man with clear-cut understanding.

WE did not dislike him any more. Indeed, we talked about Corporal Edge with admiration and a certain pride.

Then our company was scattered. Some went here and some went there. Some lived, some died, and some went into the Limbo of the Missing.

But my instinct told me that Edge and I should meet again. So we did. He had been "made up" to full sergeant, and I was in civilian clothes. We were both limping. "Coupla crocks," said Edge, as we dragged ourselves to a pub to rest and compare scars.

My wounds, I ought to mention, were neat little things deliberately incised by a sterilised surgeon in the presence of nice nurses and white-robed assistants.

But Edge's were of the rough-and-ready kind; he told me that he had been so full of lead the Navy wanted to use him as an anchor.

"Tell me all about it," I said.

"About what? What do *I* know about it?"

"You must remember *something*."

"Nothing to remember much. I got my packet in the Desert. I was with Blanco White and Dusty. Blanco got killed. Nasty one, low down. He kind of got left behind. Me and Dusty got left, too, in a sort of dip in the ground.

"We was kind of withdrawing at the time, or somethink. Had to lie doggo. Night 'd sort of come down. There was nothink to do but lie and wait for a chance to get back.

"Trouble was, we didn't have no water, except a bottle about three parts empty. And Blanco was off 'is 'ead with delirium, and perishing with thirst.

"We was surrounded by 'Jerries.' We didn't want to surrender—it looks so bloody silly; you feel such a mug, surrendering. . . . You knew Blanco?"

I nodded. I knew him: a dour, sour-faced Midlander with an obstinate nose, a dogged chin, a gloomy eye, and a habit of unamiable silence.

* * *

Edge went on:

So there we were. I had a bit of a scratch. Dusty was okay except for a bit of a nick in the thigh. But poor old Blanco was hit good and proper, somewhere round about the liver I reckon.

And the water-bottle we had left was three parts empty. We took a sup each, and gave the rest to poor old Blanco.

Blanco was a bit off his head with delirium, and we tried to keep him quiet, because that rotten old desert at night is like an empty drill-hall; it echoes all to hell and gone.

To keep Blanco quiet, I tried to tell him jokes, all the dirty jokes I could think of.

Then Dusty started talking about dogs. Blanco listened to that; he was a Staffordshire boy, and they're keen on dogs round Staffordshire way.

AND Blanco came out of the fever a bit, and talked; he could only whisper, and that whisper kept getting thinner and weaker.

"I married on account of a dog," says Blanco. "I married a dog, not a woman."

I knew Blanco had a baddish time at home with his old woman. I thought maybe this was a way of saying that his wife was a bitch. But Blanco went on. . . .

Poor old Blanco. Before the war he was sort of making a living doing this job and that—he wasn't much good at anything in particular.

And it seems that one day, back in 1938, somebody gives Blanco a pup. This pup was called Jacko. It was a thoroughbred Staffordshire bull, red-brindle, Blanco said.

When I say "gave," what I mean to say is, that Blanco pinched it. The man that had the pup didn't treat it right, so Blanco knocked it off. He took a fancy to this pup Jacko; Blanco liked dogs, and he kind of fell in love with this here Jacko.

He took it home, and kept it in his room. The man it really belonged to found out about it, and him and Blanco had a fight that lasted forty minutes by the clock.

Blanco won, and he kept the pup.

THEN he trained it to behave itself in the house, and all that, and the pup got attached to him. That's the trouble with dogs. That's why I won't have a dog; they get too attached, and the time comes when they die and break your heart, or you have to leave them and break theirs.

Well, Blanco and Jacko got on all right, until the war broke out. Then Blanco, though he was a bit over-age, went and volunteered.

But what was he going to do with the pup? He looked about him, and then decided to leave Jacko with his landlady. His landlady seemed to be a decent kind of woman, about fifteen years older than Blanco. He said to her that if she'd look after Jacko, he'd send her some money out of his pay every week. And so he did, punctual.

But there was a kind of snag in all this. Blanco was called up, and was away for three or four months before he got his first seven days' leave.

Then he rushed home to his lodgings in Staffordshire like a boy going to meet his sweetheart, just to see the pup Jacko.

The landlady had taken good care of Jacko, and the pup was pitiful glad to see Blanco again. But, in the meantime, you see, Blanco's landlady had got to like the dog. She'd got attached to it. She could hardly bear to let Jacko out of her sight.

Blanco, for his part, was grateful to the old woman for having taken such good care of the dog; he'd been lying awake at nights worrying. He knew how she felt; he felt the same way about the dog himself.

What was he going to do? He argued this way: What was there to prevent the old woman going off with Jacko, now that she'd taken such a liking to it? Where was the guarantee that she and Jacko would still be there when he came back next time? He was due to go abroad sooner or later, and might be away for years.

As poor old Blanco saw it, there was only one thing to do. He went and asked his landlady to marry him. She was about forty-eight or forty-nine: I saw her picture.

She was anything but a goddam Venus. But Blanco went and married her, and went away with his mind at rest; he'd given his dog a proper home.

And that's what he told us about, lying there in front of the German lines, out in that horrible old stinking desert among the smashed tanks and the dead men.

And she turned out to be a terror. His opinion was that she'd married him for the dog, too. It was six of one and half a dozen of the other.

"I'm just about finished," Blanco said just then; and we looked at him and we saw that this was so. It seems the artery had been cut. He said: "Take my Part One and my Pay Book. You might drop a line to my old woman for me?"

Dusty said: "Saying what, Blanco, old pal?"

Blanco said:

"Tell her I said that Stapledon's Condition Powders are definitely not anywhere near as good as Swift's Dog Pills. Tell her I said for her to remember to worm Jacko regular. . . . Mind you give Rommel a bloody good hiding, and the next Nazzy you see give him one in the jaw for me. . . . Have a nice time in Berlin. . . ."

We gave him the last of the water. He said: "Keep it for yourselves." We forced him to drink it.

He said: "You're good pals, it was nice knowing you." Then he said: "Above all, tell her to make Jacko wait for the word of command before crossing the roads, and discourage him from swallowing pebbles; I've lost many a good dog through him eating pebbles.

"Bash Goering one in the guts for me—he couldn't take a hard left to the guts. Good luck. Stay alive. . . ."

And he died. And then Dusty and me we looked at each other, and Dusty said: "I got a couple of Mills bombs left. What say we chance it?"

A "Jerry" guarding a tank gave us a burst with a Schmeisser. He got me in the belly, and Dusty in the brains. But I was sort of annoyed, and I managed to lob my Mills bomb in somehow or other.

But wasn't it funny, about poor old Blanco and the dog?

* * *

Corporal Edge stopped talking. I knew what he meant. What can one man see of a great war? Only the man at his elbow and the man at his throat; and, vaguely shining through the dust of the battle like a moon through a mist, the reflected light of a remote glory.

IT FEELS GOOD TO BE SILLY

BEING a silly sort of person, I found myself wondering the other day if anybody has ever read a dictionary through from A to Z. Even for a bet. I doubt it.

All my life I have had a rooted objection to Looking Things Up in a dictionary. The result is that I'm not as wise as I might be. But I don't want to be.

I may be silly, but I'm satisfied.

Recently I heard a young mother tell her small son not to keep on being silly. "Or," she said, "you'll grow up silly, *and then what?*"

Well, what?

Far back in my own history I remember receiving a similar warning. But it didn't have any effect on me. I went my own way. And I grew up silly.

And I'm rather proud of myself.

To hear some people talk it doesn't seem to matter so much that small boys should grow up into greedy men or dull men or shouting men or tell-you-how men. In fact, in these directions they get help. But at all costs they mustn't grow up into silly men.

The world as it stands has no doubt got to where it does stand as the result of the efforts of wise men. The silly men have always been too silly to make any effort at all.

But look where the world stands!

When the wise man was inventing explosives his silly brother was most likely round at the local playing shove-ha'penny. A silly thing to do, it might be argued, but if they'd both been of one mind there'd be less mess in the streets to-day.

I've known a lot of silly men in my time. Like calls to like, so that most of my friends are silly. Take them all round, they're pretty good company. You can have a fine time with them at Christmas or on the steamer down to Ramsgate in peace time. They laugh. Sometimes at nothing, but they laugh.

Wise men are always quarrelling, shouting, thumping tables, producing figures, sneering at each other, exposing each other as Damned Rogues, telling you how you should live.

Maybe I'm cracking up, but I wouldn't mind being governed by silly men for ten years or so for a change.

We'd be without a lot of things we've got, of course. Statistics, Official Forms, dictionaries. . . .

Which reminds me. Where's the dictionary? I've always been too silly to bother to find out what "silly" means.

Here we are.

"Foolish, fatuous, unwise, imprudent, innocent, guileless, merry, happy, blessed."

Oh! Now, I wonder what wise man thought that out?

Silly, isn't it?

A. G.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Men With Guns Rob Our Trains

WHO is the Moriarty of War Time Crime — the super criminal who, with an army of willing agents of different grades working under his direction in various parts of the country, baffles the authorities and evades arrest?

That such a person exists there is not the slightest doubt.

Armed and vicious, he stops at nothing to escape arrest

Crime Wave

Scotland Yard officers are convinced of it. So are the police chiefs of many leading provincial forces. So are War Transport Ministry officials and members of other Government Departments concerned in the growing losses of Government stores.

Like many other "known" but unarrested top-line crooks whose names are registered on the "Suspect" records at Scotland Yard—and I could name several who have lived on the proceeds of crime for a quarter of a century whose frauds have never been brought home to them—this modern Ali Baba hoodwinks all inquirers and remains immune.

It was in an endeavour to track him down and bring some of his chief henchmen to the dock that one of the most important "crime" conferences of the war took place in London recently.

I must not, for many reasons, name any of the noted people who were present. But I *can* say that several front-line provincial police officers were there, in company with leading detectives of the Railway Police Forces, Scotland Yard chiefs, and representatives of certain Government Departments.

The topic they discussed was what is officially regarded to-day as the greatest "commercial crime wave" since the last war.

For wholesale robbery, organised on the most elaborate and perfected lines, and affecting almost every phase of commercial life, has increased during the last year or so until it has reached alarming dimensions.

Only Small Fry

Robberies on trains; thefts of urgent war materials; of mail-bags containing money and valuables (sometimes even confidential official documents); hold-ups of lorries and mail vans in open places; raids on registered letters and parcels in transit at post offices and elsewhere; huge thefts of foodstuffs and other goods from military camps and Army depots, and burglaries that are being carried out on a scale never before known.

Since January of the present year over 9,000 *serious* robberies and thefts, the proceeds of which run into many hundreds of thousands of pounds, have been reported.

A large number of arrests have been made, true; but most of the men who have been rounded up are known in the underworld as "linesmen" or "runners," which means that they are small-fry thieves who work for superiors at a remuneration which pays them well even though they are expected to keep their mouths shut and "take the rap" themselves in the event of arrest.

But some of them are armed and will stop at nothing to evade capture.

When such people appear in court, charged with being "concerned with others *unknown*" in this or that robbery, it is obvious to anyone of average intelligence present that the real ring-leaders are absent.

So far this year four great railway companies—the L.M.S., G.W.R., L.N.E.R., and the S.R.—have had more than £1,300,000 *of other people's goods* stolen in transit on their lines or from their storage depots or delivery lorries.

Isn't it fatuous that the "Big Men" get away when it is so obvious that the small-fry thieves haven't the facilities to dispose of the property they admittedly play some part in stealing?

Their functions begin and end with the actual thieving.

Take three recent railway robberies, now being investigated by the police—foodstuffs from a London depot worth £11,000; miscellaneous clothing and other articles worth £17,000 from a Midlands lorry; and whisky and cigarettes worth nearly £14,000 which disappeared on a journey to London from the North.

Obviously, goods in large consignments like these could only be successfully disposed of to Black Markets by big, well-equipped organisations, with their own lorries and warehouses.

Just how widespread the ramifications of these modern bandits are can be illustrated by the methods, here revealed for the first time, used by a crook named John Webster Palmer, who had various addresses in England and Scotland, and was recently brought to book for conspiracy in mail-bag thefts from trains.

Brought to Book

It took Scotland Yard, the Railway Police Force, and the police chiefs of about a dozen towns and cities, including Cardiff, Glasgow, Sheffield, Liverpool and Carlisle, to bring him down.

With several "linesmen" associates, Palmer "worked" all kinds of trains carrying mails and general merchandise from the South to the North of England, and made huge sums for his superiors.

Palmer made it a practice to rip off the lock from a guard's van or from the doors of compartments used to lock up property in transit.

From these locks he would get a locksmith to cut keys to fit.

Selecting trains of a similar type and fitted with the same kinds of locks, he was able for months to secure admission for himself and confederates when the guards were away!

The detectives who took part in bringing about his arrest hoped that he would make a statement incriminating several "superior" crooks in London. But he said nothing.

At the present time the police are making inquiries about a gang which uses a charming woman as a decoy to hold back intruders during an actual theft.

This "woman" is actually a man in disguise, and, travelling in a selected compartment near the robbery, takes charge of the stolen property to give the thieves time to make a good getaway. Then, with what appears to be ordinary luggage, she alights at the first convenient station.

Names Are Known

Apart from rail robberies, something like £1,500,000 worth of goods has been lost to their owners in the last two years through organised lorry thefts, warehouse robberies, and through burglaries carried out on a systematic scale by thieves working under the master criminals behind the scenes.

Scotland Yard, as I have said, knows the names of many who are believed to be "directing" this crime epidemic.

Surely it can find some way of rooting them out of their secret lairs?

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

A Home Counties reader who has a special reason for remaining anonymous has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are invited about any suspected ramp or scandal. Address: JOHN BULL, *93/4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

THE WOMAN PAYS

SEVERAL months ago I warned readers against the operations of a concern called the Executive Bureau, of Farleigh House, Lawrence Lane, London, E.C.2.

I accused the man running it, a Mr. Douglas James, of duping business men through the medium of a clever racket in which he used his wife as a principal agent.

The racket was to get women to sell a worthless magazine to business men on the pretence that, if they succeeded in getting a certain number of orders, they could compete for a scholarship in Canada and thus start themselves off on a useful career.

Well, his wife, Joan James, who has used other names, has just gone to jail for nine months for fraud in connection with the very charges I made.

But why the wife alone?

Why not James himself, who was the instigator and director of the impudent scheme?

As far back as May, 1938, JOHN BULL criticised a similar racket then being run by this humbug from an office in the West End of London.

So the fact that a woman alone pays the penalty now seems all the more unjust.

HUMAN MACHINE

Minds and Bodies Need Exercise

When you consider that each of us is in charge of the most delicate piece of machinery ever invented, and when you further consider the wholly inconsiderate way in which we treat it, you can only conclude that we are a very careless lot.

You can conclude further that the machinery we have in our charge is even more wonderful than we imagine, for despite our neglect and our actual ill-treatment, it goes on functioning.

Machinery of steel and iron is not nearly so accommodating. If it is not given water and oil at regular intervals, if it is not cleaned and cared for with great particularity, it simply blows up, bursts, boils over, or simply sulks and refuses to work.

The result is that whichever of us is in charge of machinery of steel and iron is very particular to attend with great care to its wants and its whims and its moods. We know what will happen if we don't!

Isn't it strange, therefore, that we take no pains whatever with that more delicate apparatus, the Human Machine? We don't attend any too carefully to our bodies. So long as we go on "ticking over" we don't take very much notice of our machinery.

Minds that are not used and trained work slower and more painfully. Bodies that are not exercised rust away.

It is easy to try to shift the blame—but the truth remains the truth. We, if we persist in our carelessness, have no one to blame but ourselves.

★ Guerillas in the Balkans are led by expert tacticians, strategists and politicians. Stubborn patriots do not reveal the identity of the men whose imagination and daring have forced Germany to send Field-Marshal Rommel to the turbulent Yugoslav front

THEIR NAMES ARE A SECRET THEIR SUCCESS CRIES OUT

DUSTY and exhausted, three men walked into the Cairo H.Q. of the exiled Yugoslav Government.

Their faces were marked by intense suffering and they looked like men who had endured strange adventures.

They received an enthusiastic welcome and, after they had been nursed back to health, they were invited to join in important political conversations. Later they were appointed Cabinet Ministers in the Yugoslav Government.

EAGER FOR REVENGE

These three are typical of the patriots who are fighting the strangest battle of all times, the campaign in the Balkans.

They are representative of the new European leaders which this war has produced, achieving their claim to lead their people under conditions such as few politicians ever faced before.

Of the three, Berislav Jelnovich had only left the Italian prison island of Lipari a few days before, when Allied troops released him and thousands of others held prisoner by the Italians.

He had been a democratic Croat leader, who fell into German hands and was later handed over to the Italians for imprisonment.

But 16 months in Mussolini's prisons have not broken his spirit.

To-day he is eager for revenge, ready for action against the remaining Fascists of Germany and Italy.

His two comrades have already valuable experience in the campaign. They have only just arrived in Africa from the Serbian mountains, where they fought with the guerillas who have achieved spectacular successes against the invaders.

Well-known politicians, members of the Yugoslav parliament before the defeat of their country, they took to the hills rather than submit.

These men would tell you that Yugoslav territory held by the guerillas represents a well-ordered, efficient state operating within the quisling state which the Nazis support.

HE FOUGHT IN SPAIN

They could give the world authentic news about that mysterious man whom the Germans describe as the leader of the partisans, the "great Tito," as he is called, a national and international figure, whose fame is only equalled by speculation concerning his real name.

The Germans are probably wrong in describing Tito as one Joseph Brozovich, a 58 years old blacksmith from Zagreb.

Even though they have published his picture and offered £10,000 for information leading to his arrest, this does not prove that Brozovich is really Tito.

The Germans are probably only fishing for information.

There is no doubt that Brozovich exists. He was known to anti-Fascists from the days when he joined the International Brigade to fight Franco during the Spanish civil war.

Nobody knows where he is now. Nobody can—or will say—whether he is Tito.

The Germans themselves have practically admitted how baffled they are by the Balkan mystery men, by the elusive, daring and invisible opponents who direct an army which has inflicted grave losses on the troops of the Wehrmacht.

Even while they pretended to chase "Brozovich-Tito," they published reports about another man who was just as likely to be the Serbian guerilla leader.

They called him Dr. Ribar and insisted that he was a Belgrade lawyer and politician. So Ribar was. And Ribar certainly is a heroic leader of the Yugoslavs. But is he Tito? What would Hitler give to know!

For generations Balkan guerillas have practised their devastating mountain warfare

The facts are that Tito's armies have multiplied in the imagination of the frightened and baffled Germans. They see ghosts and a hostile, violent and implacable guerilla leader in every democratic fighter for whom they cannot account.

There are to-day, under Tito, nearly a dozen generals, each supported by a complete staff, collaborating with administrative experts, politicians, civil servants and a host of minor officials. And it all happens in the rear of the Wehrmacht.

To complicate matters for the Germans, there is another mystery connected with the Balkan campaign.

This time it has an English name.

Among friends and enemies it is known as "Major Jones."

"Major Jones" is spreading terror among the Germans in Yugoslavia, and I should not be surprised if his activities did produce serious repercussions at Hitler's H.Q.

For he is an Englishman, a highly trained staff officer, whose real rank is very probably above the fictitious pseudonym of major.

Heading an Allied military mission in the camp of the Yugoslav guerillas, "Major Jones" turns the revolt against the German overlord into a serious campaign.

No one knows who he really is. But the success of his work speaks for him and his collaborators who will be able to claim a big share of the success in this stealthy first chapter battle of the Balkans.

GERMAN SETBACKS

It is not surprising in these circumstances that Hitler's High Command has shown signs of perturbation over the Balkans long before the expected invasion of the Allied armies.

Within the last few weeks the German Press announced the appointment of one commander after another as leader of the German troops in the Balkans.

The cruel S.S. general Bader was still in office and Luftwaffe General Loehr still nominal German C.I.C Balkans, when Field Marshal Baron Weichs was sent to that front.

But hardly was the ink dry on the orders announcing Weichs's appointment when news came that Hitler's magnetic Field-Marshal Rommel had really taken over.

And this announcement was followed by a new ruthless—though unsuccessful—drive against the guerilla armies, a drive which showed some of the characteristics of Rommel's methods.

WE'LL SOON KNOW

There is as much confusion in the German Balkan organisation as there is mystery about the Balkan patriot leaders.

But all the mysteries will be solved as soon as the signal comes to liberate the Balkans, when from the air and the sea, on the beaches and from the mountains a four dimensional war will challenge the Germans.

Then there will be no need to hide the names of the heroes whom we salute, even if we do not know their identity.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

VOICE

AN R.A.F. battle over the sea; wounded airmen rescued by fishermen; air raids on a Maltese hospital—these are high-lights in a letter from Sgt. B. Sutton, R.A.F., to a friend at Yatesbury, Wilts:

It was an eventful day. We had put one ship down with our torpedo and had been chased towards Malta by ten M.E.109 fighters, but we had managed to keep the enemy at bay with our gunfire until we were within swimming distance of G.C. Island.

Then, when entirely out of ammunition and our aircraft, riddled with cannon fire, was losing height, we sustained a head-on attack by four M.E.s. Then our engines stopped and we hit the sea.

We scrambled out of the sinking aircraft into our punctured dinghy—all of us wounded. It was not intended that we should reach shore in that dinghy! It had been ripped by bullets and supported us for only ten minutes before we had to swim for it, as best we could.

Fortunately we were picked up by fishermen, and on landing we were cheered by the cheers of the Maltese as we were carried up the jetty to a waiting ambulance.

Then followed two months in a Malta hospital, where my treatment was extremely good, under the most difficult conditions.

The hospital had been bombed, and despite the fact that there were raids in the vicinity, all day and night, the medical staff carried out their duties as though they were at work in a quiet country hospital far away from the anger of war.

Due to my quick progress, I had been put on the list for return to the United Kingdom. But there was plenty of excitement during those eight weeks before we left for home.

That night as I slipped between the sheets the "Raiders Past" signal was a lullaby, and I was soon fast asleep. But I was soon awakened by an Army sergeant holding a storm-lamp. He asked me to dress, and, not feeling too wide-awake, I asked no questions.

We went down below into the grounds of the hospital. An ambulance was waiting, and as we climbed aboard, the sirens wailed another "warning" to the night sky.

By the time our ambulance had reached the main road bombs were screaming down all over the place. We

LEGITIMATE GRIEVANCES

MERCHANT NAVY FORUM

STORMS are blowing up. On Clydeside and elsewhere *and at sea* the Common Man, supposed to be fighting a world war for the Common Good, has little or no faith in the future.

There are legitimate grievances. And if the Common Man is to make the supreme effort for victory, those grievances must be investigated and settled without delay.

Our merchant seamen call on Britain to rationalise the entire shipping industry. And their case cannot be gainsaid. . . .

It is time some of our "shipping interests" stopped believing the seaman was still living in Long John Silver's time.

FORUM can name more than one company whose men are forced to wait nearly a month before receiving the pay they're entitled to; yet many of these men may soon be called upon to run the gauntlet to enemy occupied coasts.

And remember *this*:

Seven dockers were recently sentenced to terms of imprisonment for stealing stores from merchant ships. From the second engineer of a motorship this week FORUM received this letter:

"We were in a certain northern port for repairs, and when after a month in dry dock we put to sea it was discovered that the crew's safety-lights and life-jackets had been stolen. And so we had to voyage along the whole length of E-boat Alley without life-saving gear.

"We've seen too much of this sort of thing; even our rations have been stolen. No doubt the safety-lights were sold as rear-lights for bicycles; some of us have seen them being used for that purpose.

"If this is the spirit of a small but growing section of Britain, we don't think much of it."

But it should make us all think of the hardships our seamen endure. Then, if you wish, write to FORUM and tell us your views and ideas.

OF THE TROOPS

★ *Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Her long day is finished; she is ready to hand over to the night sister

carried on until it was impossible to go any further without the risk of being hit, so the ambulance parked at the roadside, and, sitting in the back, we waited and hoped for the best.

Bombs showered down and the ambulance tilted and shuddered with each near explosion, but eventually things quietened down and we reached the quayside.

The moonlight glittered on the water of the bay, silvering the outline of the Sunderland flying-boat which was to take us home. Now I knew the reason for our night journey from hospital.

A group captain told us that the Sunderland was being refuelled and overhauled for our trip home, and he gave us each a glass of whisky, which was a kindly act. . . . Soon we were on board, the engines began to tick over, and we headed for the open sea and home.

Changed Hands

Serving with the R.A.F. before the campaign in one theatre of war had been finished, W.O./J. A. Brown was shot down. He writes from hospital to his sister at Woodward Road, Birkenhead:

We are now allowed to write our personal experiences, so I can let you know that we were shot down two days before the campaign out here ended.

I had some shrapnel through my right foot, which broke two bones. We crashed unexpectedly, and I was picked up and taken to an Italian hospital, where the Jerries who were in charge treated us with respect and kindness.

A Jerry naval surgeon took the shrapnel out of my foot and gave me every care and attention.

Our luck was in, for a few days later the town was captured by our boys, and the hospital was taken over by the Army, so the staff of the hospital became prisoners, instead of us!

Maharajah at Home

Sgt. G. E. Barham, serving with India Command, writes to his parents at Mill Cottage, Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex:

Reg and I were two of the lucky ones who visited the Maharajah of ——, who is an excellent all-rounder at any sport from big game-hunting to tennis.

The palace grounds were magnificent, with roaming spotted deer and peacocks strutting on the lawns. There were football and cricket pitches and a swimming pool, which we sampled and found good.

Altogether an exciting day, winding up with dinner in the palace, with music from a band coming through the open windows.

Super Shows

It seems that musical comedy productions were the hobby of our men in an Italian prison. Here is the story in a letter from Trooper R. Morgan to his parents at Summergangs Road, Hull:

The Camp Play Society has just given a four-day show of "Gipsy Rose," which was a great success. The previous productions had been "Rose Marie" and "The Desert Song."

These were "super" shows put on under the greatest difficulty and with marvellous ingenuity. Scenery and dresses, musical scores and the question of "female" leads were a series of headaches, but the shows went on

They were amateur masterpieces, produced almost out of nothing, with scraps and odds and ends begged or "borrowed," all the music, songs and dialogue coming from the memories of the producer and his assistants.

The British Came

Conditions in Italy are described by Pte. W. Crossley, Sherwood Foresters, in a letter to his parents at Charnock Road, London, E.5:

The whole town was in ruins when we arrived. Italian women and children crept out of cellars and holes as we marched in. There was heartache and misery in every street of the town. In another heap of rubbish that had once been a house women were trying to wash their babies in dirty water and with no soap.

But as things settle down these people who have known the horrors of Fascism and war begin to smile again.

GOD IS WITH YOU

DO not think that God won't hear you when you cry to Him in pain. Do not think He is unmindful of life's conflict and its slain. Do not doubt that in your sorrow He will not be at your side,

DO not think God will forsake you when your darkest hour you face. Do not fear God's love will falter at any time in any place. Do not doubt for one short moment His loving kindness won't pour down, for God is in the cross of suffering, just as His love shines in life's crown.

DO not think when you're surrounded by a grim and desperate foe that The Everlasting Arms will fail you or will ever let you go.

DO not think that all is ending though life upon a thread suspends, for life has so many pathways and only God knows where each ends. Lean on God and feel His mercy, let His radiance through you glow. And in this supreme experience the soul's contentment you will know. J. M.

★ *If you are in doubt or trouble, send your problem to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)*

CHARLES DARWIN, the great naturalist, was walking in the London Zoo with a friend, arguing that our lives were controlled by reason rathen than by instinct.

While the argument was proceeding he pressed his face against the glass to look at the reptiles. A snake leapt at his face—and—before he had time to think—Darwin drew back.

There was no danger; the glass was strong. But he obeyed instinct. With a laugh he admitted that he was wrong.

I fancy that our superstitious practices can be similarly explained. Reason tells us they are nonsense, but instinct gets there first.

I don't think I am superstitious, writes a woman reader, **but in spite of our modern ideas there are some things that cling to the mind. I can't help crossing my fingers when passing someone on the stairs or walking under a ladder, and I always think it is good when a black cat enters my house.**

Don't you think that everybody has a superstition of one kind or another? Don't you, Humanist, have a wish when you see a shooting star?

I shudder when a dog howls at night. If I see a pin on the pavement I must pick it up. If I don't I feel I have asked for trouble as much as if I had broken a mirror.

You think these things stupid, I know, but don't you feel there may be something behind them which our scientists have not explained away?

I HAD lost my job, says a middle-aged man, and was just getting out in search of another when I picked up a threepenny bit with a hole through the centre. I felt sure it was an omen of good fortune.

I did get another job that day and I carried the lucky threepenny with me for years.

I expect you will tell me that I got the job because I was qualified for it, and that I should have got it in any case. But the superstition lingers.

I have several others, equally nonsensical. . . .

Then there are dreams. "Friday night's dream, on Saturday told, comes true," but so many of my dreams have come true that I can't dismiss them all as accidents or coincidences.

There must be something in them, don't you think?

The first letter reached me during the week. The second came several weeks ago and I put it aside for a suitable occasion. Now we are drawing near to All-Hallowe'en, which has so many superstitions associated with it, the right time seems to have come.

It is true that a great many intelligent people feel an urge to perform old superstitious rites—instinct being stronger than reason—and I could quote hundreds of examples: a university professor who counts his plum stones, for instance, and a scientist who refuses to see the new moon through glass.

These ancient customs do haunt our more-or-less civilised minds and few of us are entirely exempt. But no harm is done unless we allow them to obsess us.

As small children we tried to walk without stepping on the cracks between the flagstones, and the habit survives. One man feels he must touch the trees as he strolls down the avenue. Another has to "touch wood" if he boasts.

These compulsive actions are deep-rooted, and in some forms of mania they lose all sense of proportion and make existence a burden.

On my shelves I have a whole pile of letters from readers about curious dreams. Here is an unusual one from a man:

Can you explain to me why I have such awful, fearsome dreams, once a month regularly, about being sentenced to death?

I am either before a black-robed judge or actually on the scaffold, waiting to be hanged. Sometimes I am the hangman himself. . . .

Before I was born, my mother was fond of reading murder trials and loved talking about them. I sometimes think this may be the cause of my trouble.

You see, she was related to a famous hangman.

These terrifying dreams started when I was about eighteen and I am now sixty-two. I should like to know what you think about it and shall be grateful if you can suggest a cure.

Doctors to-day are inclined to pooh-pooh pre-natal influences, so the mother's interest in murder stories before the man's birth can be dismissed.

BUT I think it extremely likely that in early days he must have listened to talk about hanging till he was frightened. At the time he probably repressed his fears, but they have lingered on in his unconscious mind and seek to escape in guise of dreams.

One of the most frequent causes of insomnia is the fear of certain dreams that struggle for expression. Once they are "unearthed" and understood, the dreams themselves tend to disappear.

Why is it that so few readers appear to have happy dreams? It would be a pleasant change to hear of them.

"Lucky" black cat—the most familiar symbol of good fortune

OLD WIVES' TALES THAT MOST OF US BLINDLY OBEY

MAKE SOME BANKNOTES

A BANKNOTE, if it were made from the same kind of paper as a newspaper, wouldn't last as long as the time it takes to spend it. So banknotes are printed on specially tough paper made from cotton rags or string.

So, also, are maps, charts, and blueprints—and the recent North African campaign got rid of 500 tons of maps and charts weighing perhaps two ounces apiece!

That's why there should be a rag-bag in every home. Every little snip of cotton, each cutting from the dressmaking or mending, those odd ends and ravellings of wool, should all be put into the rag-bag to swell the total. Old string and rope are needed, too, and so are carpet cuttings and worn-out rugs.

They all make something important.

BETTER DAYS—
WITH
EVEN BETTER
CYCLES

Precision Built by
ABERDALE

THE HALL-MARK OF QUALITY

Sime's

Bread in the bone!

Bones can help to grow wheat for your daily bread. If every home in the country gave one ounce of bone a week for salvage, by the end of the year this would provide sufficient fertiliser to treat 150,000 acres. Bones also provide material for making explosives and glue and feeding stuffs for animals.

What do I do...?

I remember that all bones, large and small, (except fish bones) are wanted for Salvage.
I clean bones of all meat, fat and gristle, and dry them in an oven—utilising the waste heat after cooking.
I keep the bones in a clean metal container with a perforated lid ready for the salvage collector when he calls; or if there is a bone bin down the street, I put them into that.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

LAST LAUGH

Mrs. B. (Hamilton).—"When I came out of the shop, I was alarmed to find my husband in possession of a pram containing somebody else's baby." Perhaps he thought it was a better pram.

E. W. (Esher).—"Nobody can be expected to talk to his sweetheart with any eloquence if he has an audience." This explains why a young man in love runs to a 'phone kiosk so that he can pant heavily on the glass and achieve a little privacy.

J. B. (Leeds).—"Hitler, Goering, Ribbentrop, Goebbels and Himmler recently met in conference." The High Gang programme was not broadcast.

A. H. (Holland-on-Sea).—"I could kick myself for having wasted years of my life training to be a contortionist." As an ex-contortionist you should find this gesture quite simple.

H. L. (Highgate).—"A parrot in an East London shop greets every customer with the remark 'Turned out nice again.'" Apparently the bird doesn't realise it is guilty of careless meteorological talk.

P. R. (Surrey).—"Women defeated men at a tug-of-war contest at our village fête." This is not really surprising. After all, it's only remaining very determinedly in a queue.

F. H. (Hornsey).—"A munition factory worker recently won a boxing match in the first round." Critics had nothing but praise for his early and accurate clock-punching.

G. G. (Glasgow).—"I am so eager to see Britain win this war rapidly that I am always urging my wife to get a war time job." (See letter below.)

Mrs. G. (Glasgow).—"My husband is always nagging me to look for a job. I overheard him say to a friend that this move would improve his pocket-money position." (See letter above.)

G. T. (Leith).—"When anybody tells me a hard-luck story, I always try to help them out." You are easily touched.

B. B. (Sheffield).—"The experienced policeman has a way of ensuring order." It is the way he puts his foot down.

S. S. (Wimbledon).—"A telephone girl with a number of admirers is sure to come to a sticky end." Since she will always be liable to get the wrong number.

V. V. (Cheltenham).—"I have no sympathy with those people who have got the collecting mania." Particularly those who are bill collectors.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"'Ow does the Four Freedoms go, mate? I knows one, 'Freedom from Work,' but what's the other three?"

Side-Slips

HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—"The few BOMBERS which were dropped caused only slight damage . . ."

THE STAR:—"They revealed no details as to when and where and in what fashion the so-called 'resignation' took LACE."

SUNDAY TIMES:—". . . that it will not interfere in the marketing of HEIR crops."

KENTISH TIMES:—". . . WAS PAID £5 for obtaining six tins of milk without the surrender of points . . ."

PAIGNTON NEWS:—"It WAS REQUESTED that six nets at Teignmouth had caught 654 salmon . . ."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—"My ambition is to SINGE 'The Marseillaise' and 'God Save the King' from the steps of the Madeleine Church in Paris . . ."

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1396
1st PRIZE £50 and RADIO

C. Herbert, 31, Oakley Rd., South Norwood, S.E.25, for this "Bullet":

MAN IN THE RANKS BEHIND MONTY, "NOT BENEATH."

£10 and Radio: J. Speakman, 2, Priory St., Warrington.
Time We Planned—"Route" At "Marshing's" End.

£5: F. Boniface, 33, Essex Rd., Bognor Regis.
On War Work—Grandpa Unbeaten—"Wheeled" Nightly.

£4: J. Revie, c/o Ferguson, 111, Cardross St., Glasgow.
Girl Of To-day—"Duck" Is "Century's" Uttered.

£3: J. Boundy, 19, Graig Rd., Gwaun-cae-Gurwen, Ammanford.
In The Beverage Battle—Stethoscope Shouldn't Be "Gulpful."

£2: T. H. C. Baker, 41, Ashley Rd., Stokes Croft, Bristol.
Wealth Of Optimism—To Taxpayer's "Credit" Anyway!

£100-PLUS-RADIO NEXT PAGE

6 PRIZES OF 20s.:
F. E. Carlyon, Newark, Colyford, Devon.
Girl Of To-day—"Stoker," Not "Clinger."
M. D. Goodwin, 44, Bonneville Gardens, S.W.4.
Brute Force—Administering Sonny's Strengthening Medicine!
Mrs. E. E. Greenwood, 20, Wheats Avenue, Birmingham.
Too Much Control—Means Marionettes Under Marionets.
Mrs. A. M. Griffiths, 32, Battery Place, Rothesay.
Man In The Ranks—"Clay," Sergeant-major—Not "Dirt"!
R. Williams, 10, Talbot Rd., Old Trafford, Manchester.
Girl Of To-day—Giddy? Rising To Heights!
V. H. Wright, 90, Denmark St., Diss.
Lookin' For Villain—Grandma In Bert Row!
A list of 20 winners of 10s. and 100 2-in-1 prizes can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

OVER 350 PRIZES
WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 133

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order E-G-B-H, entered by following 10 competitors, who thus share £50: R. H. Bailey, Port Talbot; G. A. Brown, Woodthorpe; E. Buckley, Blackpool; A. Burgess, London, W.1; A. Fruiter, Brighton; F. G. Mead, Sudbury; Miss M. Ritchie, Dunshalt; R. L. M. Sambrook, Bexwick; Miss D. Thorpe, Oldham; G. Wood, Warrington.
Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 62 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order above 2nd Runners-up Awards for 286 entrants with FIRST TWO.
£100 CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

Think in-STEAD

Use STEAD RAZOR BLADES

Gosh — it's good
FLAG SAUCE
of course

ENJOYS HER FOOD

Wishes she'd heard years ago of
MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

"Some weeks back I was given some Moorland Indigestion Tablets. After taking them I got a supply from my local Chemist. I am pleased to tell you I can now enjoy my food, nothing disagrees with me. I wish I'd heard of them years ago." (Signed) Mrs. A. L., *Launceston.*

★ *Moorland Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. Sold at all chemists, 8½d. and 1/5d. including tax.*

HARLEQUIN INTERVAL

THE Ingredients that helped to make Harlequin Sponge Puddings famous are now unobtainable, so no more until victory is won and peace returns.

HARLEQUIN SPONGE PUDDINGS

GREATEST OF THESE

● This is a story to touch the heart, and it had best be told simply.

An R.A.F. man served his country for nine years. Then he was discharged as "totally disabled" because of a spinal disease.

He was discharged without pension.

He spends every day of his life in a strait-jacket. Medical boards have certified him as unfit for work of any kind.

There are six children in his family, and their ages range from six to fifteen. The eldest son earns 21s. 8d. a week; the disabled man's wife earns 42s. 6d.

Thus the total income is 64s. Rent and insurance take 18s. of that sum; other expenses—every detail of which has been submitted to JOHN BULL—leave only 20s. 3d. a week to feed and clothe the whole family. Half-a-crown a week each!

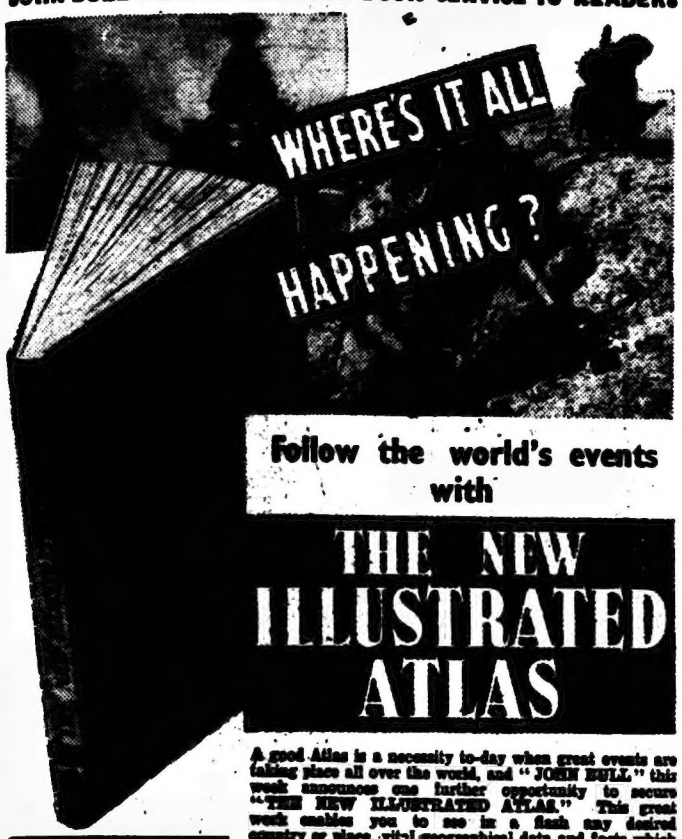
Is it surprising, therefore, that the crippled airman is getting into debt? It will be surprising only if our readers' kind hearts are not touched by his plight.

We appeal for help for this man—help to provide his children with food and clothes. Please, therefore, send a donation to "Airman," (or for our General Fund) to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We'll gladly acknowledge where names and addresses are supplied, and—on request, send a copy of the current week's subscriptions. There are no deductions for administrative expenses, remember!

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

JOHN BULL'S GREAT WARTIME BOOK SERVICE TO READERS



Follow the world's events with

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED ATLAS

A good Atlas is a necessity to-day when great events are taking place all over the world, and "JOHN BULL" this week announces one further opportunity to secure "THE NEW ILLUSTRATED ATLAS." This great work enables you to see in a flash any desired country or place, vital geographical data and facts which help you to understand major events and political, commercial and industrial problems.

"THE NEW ILLUSTRATED ATLAS" includes 64 pages of maps in FULL COLOUR. Gazetteer, containing over 12,000 names, over 50 specially drawn maps and charts, and a SPECIAL SECTION dealing with VITAL WORLD PROBLEMS, which will affect every man, woman and child after the war.

HURRY—Wartime restrictions mean limited supplies—SO ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!

STANDARD EDITION bound in handsome Green Bookcloth, embossed design on covers, send only 6s. 6d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

SUPERB DE-LUXE EDITION bound in rich Blue - Grained Leathercloth, with design embossed on covers and design and title in real Gold on spine, send only 7s. 6d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

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OVER 50 SPECIALLY DRAWN MAPS AND CHARTS.

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STANDARD EDITION 6/6

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J.A.3. 30/10/43

A

"A great Black Snowball"

"Here is a great black snowball which, unless we check it, will go rolling down the years of peace and reconstruction . . ." The Minister of Health.

Cases doubled.

Venereal Diseases are still on the increase. Last year the number of new cases was more than double the pre-war total. War-time conditions lead to excesses—desire for 'a good time' and too many drinks, for example, weaken self control. Venereal Diseases are spread by loose living.

Hush-hush is being banished.

Every sensible man and woman agrees that to check these diseases their cause, effects and treatment must be widely known and discussed.

How Venereal Diseases are caught.

In adults syphilis and gonorrhœa are almost always caught through sexual intercourse with an infected person—accidental infection is rare. Clean living is the only safeguard.

Syphilis is the more dangerous of the two. If not treated early, skilfully and completely it can cause total disablement in early middle life from heart disease, paralysis, or insanity. Unless an infected mother is given skilled treatment early in pregnancy, she can pass on syphilis to her unborn child causing it to be born dead, or to die early in infancy, or to become blind, deaf, or mentally defective.

Gonorrhœa, though not so dangerous, is more serious than is generally believed, and may cause arthritis, chronic ill-health, and—in both men and women—inability to have children.

How and where they can be cured.

Venereal diseases can be cured if treated early by a specialist doctor. Quack or self-treatment is useless and may be disastrous.

Disappearance of early symptoms does not necessarily mean a cure. Treatment must be continued until the doctor says it may be stopped.

Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect infection should seek medical treatment AT ONCE. A doctor or clinic should be consulted immediately about any suspicious sore on or near the sex organs, or any unusual discharge from those organs. It may not be venereal disease, but it is best to be sure.

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Sq., London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health, and the Central Council for Health Education.
(M-18-27)

Win a BIG CHEQUE for 4 LETTERS!

Have you time to enjoy a joke or two? Of course you have. Is there room in your pocket for a £50 prize? Of course there is. Then have you tried Laugh-Lines as you should? Probably not—but now's the time to start!

In this simple, amusing little Contest you have only to give FOUR LETTERS as directed on coupon below—and then see that your entry is posted not later than Monday, November 8

£50 CASH 1st. PRIZE

HUNDREDS of other AWARDS for 1st & 2nd RUNNERS-UP

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing £100 Xword Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Stagsky Place, London, W.C.2.

A. Blown To Bits—Almost—Bank-notes Sandy's Counting!
B. "After You!"—Said Moneylender To Bookie.
C. Upset The Conductor—Auntie's "Tonnage"—Then Pound!
D. Death Or Glory—For Dad—"Banner," Wallpaper!
E. Not So Dusty—Teacher's Caricature—Sonny's Pants!
F. Bundle Of Nerves—Village Operatic Society's "Samson"
H. Army Life—We're Hardened To, Grandpa's!
J. Strays—Vicar's Stud—Vicar, Almost!
K. Stunning—"That's Mother's Knock, Henry!"

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES - ENTRY COLS. BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £50

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in column of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page — or enclose with Bullets entry.

1ST 2ND 3RD 4TH

FEE 2d PER COL. Is. FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Nov. 20.

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, NOV. 8.

142

OVER 350 'LAUGH-LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Ties divide and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Nov. 27, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

£100 CASH PLUS £25 RADIO! £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 30s. 1000 HEART AWARDS 50 4lb XMAS CAKES

CELEBRATING BULLETS No 1400!

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Nov. 19.

GOAL OF THE ALLIES
OPEN TO ALL
LOVER OF FREEDOM
SHOWS WE'RE WINNING
SPLIT IN THE RANKS
FUEL ECONOMY
FIT FOR SONNY
IN NO HURRY
ONE OF THE MANY
MAN-POWER SHORTAGE

BULLETS 1,396 RESULT (query on page 14)

KILLING
WIFEY'S AN ASSET, BUT
TOIL AND TROUBLE
TALKING A LOT
IN HER DREAMS
NICE TO COME BACK TO
REWARD OF PATIENCE
YOUTH TO-DAY
TAKES SOME BEATING
GAVE DAD THE JITTERS

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

TO HITLER'S.....
PIECE OF .....
FORGETTING HER.....
THIRSTING FOR.....
WITH ALL OUR .....
ESSENTIAL TO .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Nov. 20. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, 1,400 Monday, NOV. 8

Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,400—or "Laugh-Lines" 142," JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

CATARRH
HEAD COLDS, 'FLU

Get Instant Relief With

REGD. TRADE MARK

NOSTROLINE

SCIENTIFIC NASAL REMEDY

All Chemists 1/3, Tax Extra

TAKE PURITAN SALTS for RHEUMATISM

HEARTBURN?

—not for me!

Thousands of Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of cold indigestion, have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION (No. 1077), Popularly known as "White Lions," dispensed after the most successful formula used in hospitals and clinics by prominent physicians. This prescription is non-narcotics. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the swift improvement. Clean tongue, moist mouth and throat; fleshiness vanished; long sour face replaced by such broad sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Prices, including tax: 7d., 1/6, 2/10 from your nearest chemist, or post free from SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD., (Dept. J.B.704), 68, Grove Road, Bow, E.3

Nip Colds in the Bud

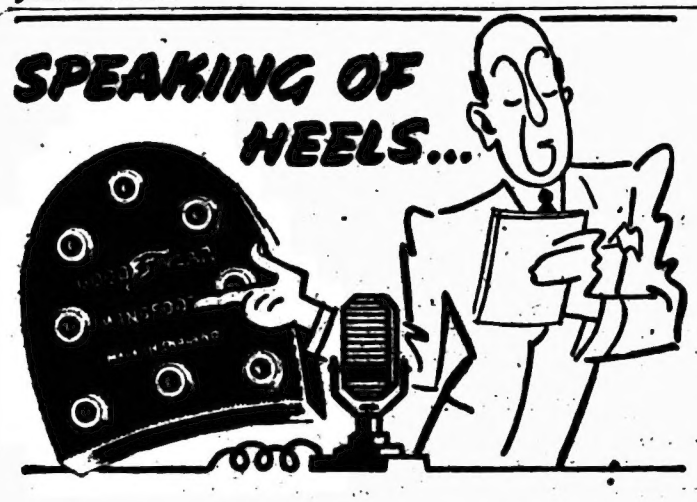
The National drive to stop coughs and colds has brought one old and trusted recipe into greater favour than ever. It is the "Parmint" recipe, known as probably the quickest of all ways to get rid of a cold or cough.

Once you had to make it up yourself. Now chemists everywhere keep Parmint Syrup made up, bottled and ready for use.

It is really astonishing how effective this syrup is. Take it in good time and a single dose will often stop the cold before it develops. It's particularly good for children. It soothes and eases little throats and chests and gets them well in no time. Besides, they actually like its flavour.

Be wise. Get a bottle of Parmint Syrup from your chemist to-day and keep it handy. 1/5 the bottle including tax.

NOTE.—If you want to make it up yourself, ask for a 1 oz. bottle of the Concentrated Parmint Double Strength (price 3/1½). It is even more economical that way.



you should know this...

The serious rubber shortage dictates that no heel may be made today except of *regenerated* rubber. Naturally, this includes Goodyear Heels—but it does not mean that all heels are the same. Look at it this way: Goodyear, the largest producer of rubber products in the world, are still able to bring to bear in heel manufacture all their vast skill, experience and resources. The result is inevitably a miracle of fine quality in wartime .... heels which promise you *the utmost economy and satisfaction* it is possible to obtain. Ask your repairer to fit Goodyear Heels!

GOODYEAR

Make Life BRIGHTER

by taking

VIRONITA

(pronounced Vyro-night-a)

This great restorative is so pleasant and so beneficial that three half wine-glasses a day each will fill all your family with radiant health. Suitable for children or adults. Non-alcoholic.

Of all chemists and stores.
5/3 *large bottle.*
3/3 *small size.*

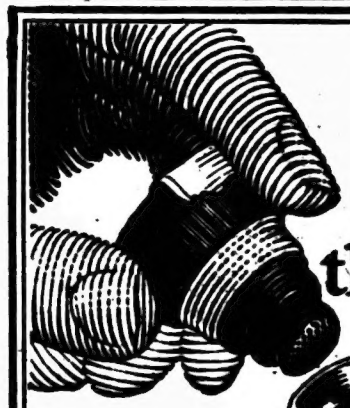
M. CALTHORPE & CO. LTD.
Mfg. Chemists, Ossett, Yorks.

RINSO IS A No. 1 SOAP POWDER. 3½D. PACKET, ONE COUPON; 7D. PACKET, TWO COUPONS.

Rinso soaks clothes clean in 12 minutes

SAVES TIME — SAVES CLOTHES — SAVES FUEL

R3184-9 *R. S. Hudson Limited*



You can replace the stopper -*we* can't

Bulmer's Bottle Stoppers are made of precious rubber and if lost cannot be renewed. Please see that they are returned to your Dealer with all 'empties.'

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER AND CO. LTD. HEREFORD

Repeats 6/10

ACID FUR

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling? That's acid fur, staining and spoiling your teeth; *acid fur*, the hidden enemy which starts decay.

RID TEETH OF ACID FUR

Many things you eat cause acid to form in the mouth and acid fur is the result. To get rid of this acid fur, you must use an antacid toothpaste. 12,000 dentists know that the most effective antacid is 'Milk of Magnesia.' They recommend their patients to use Phillips' Dental Magnesia, the only toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Rid your teeth of acid fur before it ruins them. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and use it night and morning.

Sold everywhere 1/1d. and 1/10½d.
Return empty tubes to chemist.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

Dispel **weary tired** *feelings —with Phensic*

Try two tablets of Phensic with a little water! This is a wonderful tonic to weariness. Instantly effective, quite harmless, and very valuable indeed for removing the cause of that "overtiredness" which so often prevents deep restful sleep. Get some Phensic now.

Two sizes only: 1/4 and 3/3 inc. Pur. Tax.

Quickly! take some Phensic

CAPEXSIS EXTRA SOFT

Max. Controlled Price 6½d. per roll

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

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